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MRS.
PERCY V. PENNYBACKER
AN APPRECIATION

It has been my privilege to entertain Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker at the Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin, and at Toronto. I have seen her pressed with engagements and responsibilities of an urgent character; I have seen and heard her on the public platform, and I have seen her in the intimacy of private intercourse. Under all these circumstances and many others she has always impressed me as a woman of rare gifts and character—a born leader and eloquent speaker and yet so gentle and unassuming—so dainty and yet so strenuous—carrying on all her work with so much system and order and at the same time always ready to adapt herself to the need of the hour—full of enthusiasm and inspiration in public causes, but at the same time always breathing out an atmosphere of home and friendship and motherhood. Such is the woman that I have found at the head of the great General Federation of Women's Clubs.

I join with her many friends in congratulating her on her four years of brilliant administration of that high office, and on the development of the Club movement during that period along lines which will make it more and more a vast power for good.

Our best wishes go with her for herself, her children, and for the future labors for which these years of enrichment of her own life have been surely preparing her.

—Lady Aberdeen.

MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER

AN APPRECIATION

BY

HELEN KNOX

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ILLUSTRATED

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LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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TO THE WOMEN OF HIGH IDEALS, OF SYMPATHETIC
UNDERSTANDING, OF GENEROUS APPRECIA-
TION, WHO HAVE MADE THE WOMEN'S
CLUBS A VITAL FORCE FOR GOOD

It has been my pleasure now for over three years to have enjoyed the most delightful of business relations with Mrs. Pennybacker, which, to my advantage, have extended to a personal friendship. And from what I know of her zeal in her work during that time and her rare executive ability, I believe that the General Federation of Women's Clubs will look back to Mrs. Pennybacker's presidency as one of the most harmonious and successful administrations in its history. Ability counts for much in any administration of so important an office, but tact counts for even more, and both of these qualities are possessed to an unusual degree by this sweet-natured woman from Texas. The Editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal* will be sorry to lose her co-operation in their work.

—Edward Bok
(Editor *Ladies' Home Journal*).

PREFACE

AS the New York Biennial in May, 1916, marks the close, for a time at least, of Mrs. Pennybacker's official relationship with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, —that great body of two million women at work on the problems confronting the modern woman—it seems appropriate for her friends to honor this anniversary occasion by a tribute to her faithfulness and accomplishment.

Though Mrs. Pennybacker has kindly furnished the historical facts of this book, the remainder of the material has been collected by the writer through correspondence and personal interviews with others, in an effort to present a truer characterization.

In this labor of love, every section of the country and every interest of the modern woman are represented. The eager and joyous response of these

many friends in contributing to this book—often under the stress of illness and the pressure of private interests—reflects a spirit that gives added emphasis to their words of appreciation.

For the writer, the book is a grateful acknowledgment of the inspiring service of Mrs. Pennybacker, from one of the many college women of the generation who delights to honor this friend of youth.

HELEN KNOX.

EVERGREEN LODGE,
GIDDINGS, TEXAS.

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I appreciate very much this opportunity to join in a tribute to Mrs. Pennybacker. Her untiring and judicious services to the high cause of true womanliness are known the country over. But we of Texas, who have valued her as a friend and a neighbor, also know, and rejoice in knowing, that her broad service to so great a cause has sprung quite naturally from her fine and thoughtful devotion in her home community and her own home, and thus see in her rounded life an example of rare worth.

—Sydney E. Mezes
(President College of the City of New York).

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Mrs. Pennybacker is an excellent illustration of the practical and efficient woman. Thoroughly womanly, with a great mind and excellent judgment, she is well equipped for filling positions of responsibility.

—William Jennings Bryan.

I

THE LITTLE GIRL

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Many fathers and mothers rail against the manners of the young people of to-day and against their forms of amusement. What are these same parents doing to surround their children with proper forms of entertainment? Let us resolve to help one another in maintaining that high standard of society that calls out the best in all ages, and yet encourages joy, nay, even a certain amount of frivolity among the young.

—Mrs. Pennybacker.

NOTICE
Please do not write in this book or turn down the pages

I

THE LITTLE GIRL

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."
—Byron.

THERE was once a Little Girl who always dreaded to go to sleep for fear she would die before she waked and not leave anything behind her. "If I should die before I wake," nightly sent a shudder through her little frame, for the desire to leave a permanent contribution to the race was so elemental in her nature that it might almost be classed as an instinct. As the days and years passed by, this insatiable longing found expression in a burning thirst for knowledge—not a polished external veneer—but knowledge that gives in bounteous proportions, light, freedom, beauty and good-

ness. And regardless of her other interests and activities, this unswerving devotion to learning, for learning's sake alone, has been the dominant influence in the life history of Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker.

Anna McLaughlin Hardwicke was born May 7, 1861, in Petersburg, Virginia. Her father and mother were both Virginians of the good old substantial, soil-loving, home-abiding stock. Her father, Dr. J. B. Hardwicke, was a Baptist minister and was undoubtedly gifted as a speaker and a writer. The following sketch gives a vivid picture of the good man: it was written by Dr. J. B. Cranfill, who for years was the Baptist Secretary of Missions for Texas, and during such time was closely associated with Dr. Hardwicke, and often heard him speak and preach:

"Among the strong, forceful, leaders in Texas a quarter century ago, none was more sincerely devoted to the Baptist cause than the subject of this sketch. Physically, he was a man of mark in any assembly. Tall, dignified, stately, of

commanding appearance, more than six feet in height, he would have attracted attention anywhere. His face was rugged, marked with strong lines indicative of high intellectuality and lofty purpose.

"Mentally, he was a man of unusual equipment. His brain was massive; his mind was well trained; and his methods of thought were sane and orderly. Naturally endowed with mentality of a high order, he had cultivated his mind until it was richly stored, not only with expert knowledge along the lines of his great life work, but also with a wide range of other valuable information. He was what in common speech we call a 'well-read man.' Always alert, he kept in touch with the throbbing, pulsing world around him. His grasp of intellect took in every phase of life, and he was wonderfully well informed, not only upon topics literary, scientific, sociological, and practical, but he was expertly alive to current events. Thus equipped, he was always ready for extemporaneous speaking, in which he excelled.

"It was, however, as a minister of the Gospel that Dr. J. B. Hardwicke shone with resplendent luster. He held a number of important pastorates in Texas and in other states. As a preacher, he was soulful, methodical, and highly effective. His method of homiletical endeavor was systematic, forceful, cumulative. It was the writer's pleasure to have heard him in our

Baptist General Meetings many times. He was capable of reaching lofty heights in his pulpit work; and when his heart and mind were aflame with any great subject, he was in every way logical, unctious, and convincing.

"As a friend, Dr. Hardwicke was loving, tender, and most faithful. He was trained in the old school of warm and enduring friendships. He never betrayed a trust, and never at any time, under any conditions, wavered in his loyalty to any friend or any cause. There was nothing of the spectacular in him. He never wrote or spoke just to be writing or speaking. There was a distinct purpose in everything he said and did. He was capable of hot indignation, but his heart was as tender and gentle as that of any woman.

"The fires of his life burned with such brilliancy that his vitality was consumed before he had reached his three score years and ten. He fell with his face to the front, unblanched by the fear of any foe, and unafraid when he looked into the grim visage of man's last enemy —death. He died in the triumphs of sublime faith in Christ, and he was gathered to the innumerable company of the redeemed on high.

"In summing up the life of Dr. J. B. Hardwicke, there is one word that keeps recurring. It is the word 'ponderous.' He was a big man. He was big in body; big in brain; big in heart; big in life. His place in the ranks of Texas

Baptists has never quite been filled. Those of us who knew him best will never recover from the sense of loss all of us felt when he went home. But his work will go on until all things earthly find their end."

The father and daughter were constantly together, and the influence of the father became a vital factor in the development of the strong character of Anna Hardwicke. The peculiar, inexplicable bond of human sympathy—the mutual understanding, that at once establishes confidence, respect and peace, in the relationship—the sense of congenial interests, these were foremost in the consciousness of Dr. Hardwicke and of his little daughter, Anna, though she had not at this age formulated the psychology of her experience.

Her mother, though possessing the usual accomplishments of a Virginia belle of that day, was far in advance in mental qualifications. She had the making of a good student; she had a remarkable gift for figures, and really loved study. But though her father had been financially able to give her

every opportunity, her schooling was meager, as custom in Virginia at this time decreed that a girl should stop school at the age of sixteen.

When still very young, she was married, assuming at once the responsibilities of home-making—responsibilities far more weighty then, when the mistress of the home must rely almost entirely upon her own inventive powers, than now, when the lady of the house can gratify every whim over the telephone without more personal inconvenience than the payment of her bills at the first of the month. Mrs. Hardwicke's thought of life, however, was not smothered by her household care; for even though eight children came to the home, she still found time, as the years went by, for active work in the missionary societies of Dr. Hardwicke's churches. Her ambition for her children never waned. She was sadly disappointed that none of them became a foreign missionary or a minister.

The state of Virginia, soon after the birth of this Little Girl, came to be the

chief battle-ground of the Civil War; and Petersburg, a very old Virginia settlement, was the scene of much fighting. Dr. Hardwicke, at the opening of the war, joined the Confederate Army as a chaplain, leaving Mrs. Hardwicke at home alone with the children. When Anna was three years old, her mother, like many others, was forced to flee with her small children from the dangers surrounding her home, so that the stress of life began early for this Little Girl.

After reaching Fayetteville, North Carolina, their destination, they found their troubles were not at an end, for in due time raiders came to their new shelter. Prying into every conceivable cranny, these raiders soon discovered the little supply of flour that the forethought of the mother had concealed in a barrel, disguised as a dressing table. As they were rummaging through things, they came upon Dr. Hardwicke's Masonic apron. Quietly, one by one, they left the place. After a time, a messenger was sent to offer a

guard, as "the lady was alone with the children." The guard was accordingly established in the home, and a young lieutenant called often to make sure that the family was protected.

Mrs. Hardwicke keenly appreciated this service; for though sectional feeling was very bitter during the War, she was a broad-minded woman. The small members of the family, however, imbibed some of the bitterness from their playmates. The following incident, though incongruous with the sense of nationalism, as of internationalism, that controls the life of Mrs. Pennybacker, illustrates the depth of feeling, even from her infancy, that has made her life rich and abundant. The lieutenant and the Little Girl soon became great friends. He beguiled many an hour for her as she sat on his knee listening to his ever fresh stories. One day, as she was fingering the buttons on his coat, she recognized that his uniform was not like her father's—that, therefore, he was not one of her beloved Confederate soldiers. Without warn-

ing, she burst into inconsolable weeping. The perplexed lieutenant finally drew from her the almost inaudible wail, "Oh! You are a Yankee! Oh! You are a Yankee!" "Haven't I been good to you, though?" he asked. "Yes," came the sob, "but if you are a Yankee, you can't go to heaven when you die!"

Learning to read when she was four years of age, the Little Girl began early her search for knowledge. And from this time on, through the period of adolescence, she was filled with introspective feelings that sometimes brought her joy and sometimes made her feel that she was the unhappiest Little Girl in the world. What an unforeseen development that out of a period of destruction and strife should emerge a character conspicuous, in a succeeding generation, for constructive genius and harmonizing power!

II

THE SCHOOL-GIRL

Every girl should be trained for the richest, broadest life, which means that she must be trained for wifehood, home-making, home-keeping, and citizenship.

—Mrs. Pennybacker.

II

THE SCHOOL-GIRL

"Full swells the deep, pure fountain of young life." —Byron.

WHEN little Anna Hardwicke was six years of age, the family moved to West Virginia. She was now put in the public school—before this, she had attended only private schools—and here she received the fundamentals of her later broad education. At this time, the problems of life opened their perplexing questions. The child student did not care for dolls; yet she realized that this fact must be to her discredit, as all little girls were supposed to love dolls, and so she thought something must be wrong with her.

A second cross was the study of music. Her mother's ambition for her

daughter's accomplishments was parallel to her determination that she should be well educated. Anna, however, had absolutely no musical talent; and until her mother was convinced of this fact and ready to adjust herself to the inevitable, both were miserable about it.

At this time, too, an incident occurred that made a strong impression on the child mind. She saw a little girl one day who wore a beautiful coat and hood. That night she prayed earnestly that she might have such an outfit. The next day, they both arrived. The answer to her prayer came so quickly that she thought life's problems all solved—and oh, the bitterness of the disillusionment!

Five years of residence in the same field was then unusual for a minister. It was natural, therefore, that Dr. Hardwicke should pass on from West Virginia, in 1873, to Atchison, Kansas. Anna was immediately established in a good school, where she was markedly influenced by a notable teacher. She was a hero-worshiper and was con-

vinced that this one was not made of ordinary clay. In church, she would direct her gaze to the back of the teacher's head; and if the teacher should turn, as she frequently did, and smile upon her, she was blissfully happy for the day.

From Atchison, the family moved to Leavenworth, Kansas, during 1875. Leavenworth then, as now, boasted an excellent high school, its graduates being admitted without examination into Eastern colleges. Anna Hardwicke was soon recognized as a student of rare enthusiasm. She was always happy in school, for it gave the atmosphere that her nature demanded for very existence. Examinations were no bugaboo, but were looked forward to in the spirit of a war horse eager for battle.

It was here, too, that real friendships developed—the beginning of an experience which has proved one of the richest blessings of her abundant life. There were nine girls and four boys in the senior class. The girls called them-

selves "The Nine Muses." Anna named them; and, in a new spirit of hilarity, she sarcastically dubbed herself, "The Muse of Tragedy." She had always disliked her given name, "Anna McLaughlin"—had often speculated upon ways and means of substituting another. Finally, she concluded that it was impossible to change the "Anna," by which she was known, but that she could change the "McLaughlin." So, she named herself "J——," and took a secret vow never to reveal the meaning of the initial "J," that she now used in place of the McLaughlin, until graduation from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where she planned to pursue her college course. The Ann Arbor ideal, however, never materialized; so, until this day, she has remained true to her vow, and husband, children, or friends have never known more than "Anna J." as her given name.

The love of study grew day by day. The great outdoors being practically inaccessible—except for an occasional week-end house party in the country—

her only and treasured opportunity for acquaintance with nature—she devoted herself primarily to school work. Taking private lessons in Greek, she received much inspiration from association with her professor. He told her the story of his own search for knowledge, of his working his way through Harvard, of his love for the classics, and discussed with her her own plans and ideals. Under the guidance of such a man, there is no surprise in the announcement that Anna J. Hardwicke graduated from the Leavenworth High School at the head of her class, and that she chose for her graduating thesis, "The Value of Epic Poetry."

III

THE STUDENT

I think from the experience that I have had in both sections, that the Northern women, as a class, are more thoroughly educated than those of the South. But this is natural, since in the North, for years, every town and city has had its public schools, while in the South these are a modern institution. But this state of things will not last long. I notice in schools of this State that, as a general rule, the scholars from the South have quicker minds than the others, but often lack in application; they generally stand well in their classes.

—Anna J. Hardwicke
(When a school-girl of fifteen).

III

THE STUDENT

"Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son."
—GAY.

THE nature of their response to stimuli is an important test in the classification of the lower forms of life. The nature of their adjustment to environment is no less an important test in the classification of the higher forms of life. The inherent power of the individual to master circumstance rather than to submit to its caprice is one of the differentiating marks separating man from beast.

Anna Hardwicke possessed this power of mastery of the external forces, and in the capacity for study under adverse conditions revealed the first suggestion of her destiny.

The family moved to Bryan, Texas, in 1878, and here the young high school graduate saw little opportunity for the continuance of her self-planned educational program. The fertile valley and the wide expanse of blue sky, though a delight to the eye, furnished little encouragement to the mind daily hungering for the bread of truth. Where were the books for further study? Like the prophet Jeremiah, there was in her heart as it were "a burning fire shut up" . . . and she "could not contain it." Not many days passed, however, before she discovered the small library of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, four miles away. To this she drove every Saturday, selecting the books for the study of the following week, and soon arranging for private lessons in Latin and Greek at the college. One day while reading Charlotte Brontë's *The Professor,* she found herself stumbling awkwardly over the many French phrases of the book, and determined then and there to take up the study of French. In

this resolution she persevered until she had mastered the grammar reasonably well and had gained some appreciation of French literature.

As a student, she liked everything but mathematics and those branches of science that depend on mathematics. Her tastes in literature were of such wide range that she was never able to list her favorite authors and books. In the summer of her fifteenth year, she read one book every two days, for three successive months. While this was a task it was also a delight to her. Nor were her chosen books selected from that section of the library that Mr. Hawthorne brands as "rubbish" or that Dr. Elliott calls, "the cemetery of dead books." They were selected from shelves labeled, "The Greek Drama," "Latin Poetry," "The Philosophy of the Middle Ages," and "History" (studied from the viewpoint of the art, literature, politics, and religion, of the world's civilizations), as well as German, French and English literature of more modern date.

Her ambition was always whispering: "Do your very best each day"—a voice so persistent that the claims of "results" were never audible. Indeed all her life she has ignored the search for "results." Afire with such a spirit, her days were never idle. She early became a tireless worker. When other members of the family sought rest at night, she delighted to take possession of her father's study and often she remained there until the wee hours of the morning. She and her father were congenial comrades, and he often permitted her to study with him in his sanctum; for though he heartily disliked interruptions, so did his daughter, and they got along famously together. But she was never satisfied with her day's work; and when, finally, the light must be extinguished, she coveted several more hours of study. Oh, if only she could verify each reference and be sure of the correctness of each word in her translation!

It is a question whether her education would have been so thorough had she

depended, during a four years' college course, upon the criticism and suggestion of instructors, whose judgment so far as she was concerned must necessarily be based chiefly on external observations. Accuracy with her deserved no special comment; its absence, however, was intolerable.

A girlhood friend gives the following picture of Anna Hardwicke at this age:

"I had just returned to Bryan from college when I learned that we were to have a new minister, and was especially interested in the fact that among the members of his family was a young lady daughter. I recall as if yesterday this rosy-cheeked, earnest-eyed maiden, scarce seventeen, who was so different from the every-day conventional girl of our small Texas city. She, too, had just graduated; and, as I look back over the years, I realize that, even at this early stage of her life, she was inspired with a purpose to accomplish things worth while—big things, it seems to me now.

"She appeared never to have passed any formative period as to her purpose in life; and while she was a normal girl, in that she enjoyed pretty clothes, beaux, and such interests, these things never at any time filled her life.

"She organized a small private school that

summer, and how well I remember with what spirit and fire she had her pupils recite in unison, 'The Charge of the Light Brigade':

'Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered!'

I am sure this style of poetry must have appealed strongly to her youthful enthusiasm, which even our hottest summer weather, through which she was then teaching, could not lessen."

In the year 1879, much interest was manifested in the state by the announcement that in September the first Normal School for teachers would be formally opened at Huntsville, and by the supplementary statement that the Peabody Fund would provide scholarships, including board and tuition, books and laundry. The scholarships were to be awarded to the applicant making the highest average in a set of examinations conducted in each Congressional district.

Anna Hardwicke decided to attempt this competitive test, anticipating a

The old Sam Houston Normal, where Anna Hardwicke and Percy V. Pennybacker first met.

rush of applicants. But when she and her father reached the place of examination, they found only three or four contestants. She was graded one hundred per cent in everything and was awarded the scholarship for her district. The memory of this slip of a girl, with her bright, cheery smile, as she entered the first class of this school, still lingers with her classmates, who are numbered among the most prominent educators of Texas to-day. During the spring term, she was selected to teach the model school for two months at twenty dollars per month. This sum supplied her spring outfit of clothes. In this connection, the same friend continues:

"At eighteen years, she was too deeply engrossed in weighty matters to give much thought to dress. There was generally a consultation with one of her trusted friends as to the requirements of her wardrobe. This friend acted as purchasing agent, often standing for the dress-fitting, and having the finished garment sent to her. After her return from Huntsville, Anna often spoke of President S—'s daughter, whose charm of manner and taste in dress seemed to

have made an impression on her, as she brought back with her a little book of 'Ugly Girl Papers,' which we read most studiously."

Her enthusiasm for study and her unconscious charm of manner soon made her a favorite among faculty and students—and the particular favorite of a certain student, Mr. Percy V. Pennybacker. There was a distinct wave of satisfaction, therefore, when she was selected as one of the two honor graduates of this historic class.

IV

THE EDUCATOR

From a beginning not free of all difficulties, but full of hope and promise, she has moved with charming ease and grace from one great achievement to others still greater, each and all reflecting honor upon her state and glory upon herself and womankind.

All Texas is proud of the gifted Mrs. Pennybacker. Her fame is co-extensive with the literary and educational world. Her influence in the betterment of home life has entered into the hopes and inspirations of good men and women in both Europe and America.

The historian, the educator, the orator, the unselfish and, best of all, the ideal mother, cultured, true and genuine—such a woman is a blessing to the age in which she lives and an inspiration to those who will come after her.

—Thomas M. Campbell
(Ex-Governor of Texas).

IV

THE EDUCATOR

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought."
—THOMSON.

THAT Anna Hardwicke was born with a great soul and a great purpose, there can be no doubt. As early as she can remember, she possessed plans and purposes from which there has been no deviation, but a gradual, growing fulfillment, all her life. One of these purposes was to teach. Why, she knew not,—there was no need to know. This confident sense of her calling in some measure accounts for her extraordinary love of her teachers, a love which ennobled anew her chosen profession and permanently crystallized her determination. At the close of her high school course, she

was elected supernumerary for the coming year, a position introductory, at that time, to the teaching profession. The move to Bryan, Texas, was a great disappointment to her, a disappointment, insignificant, however, to that experienced the following year. At her graduation the President of the Normal had told her of his intention to recommend her for a place on the faculty. She became radiant with expectation, but, alas, one day he came to her home in Bryan to break the news of his failure to secure her appointment. He said that Governor Roberts, Chairman of the appointing Board, had laughed at the suggestion, saying: "What, that rosy-cheeked girl? Let her grow up first!"

But some defeats are more triumphant than victories, and this one proved a blessing in disguise. She should not have undertaken to teach pupils older than herself, yet her hurt was very keen at the time. She thought, "How strange that the sun can be shining, the birds singing, and the

world look the same, when I can never be happy again."

That fall, Bryan decided to have public schools. Mr. Percy V. Pennybacker was elected superintendent, and Anna Hardwicke as one of the teachers, on the princely salary of forty dollars per month. President Smith of the Normal, the father of Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia, one of the many valuable friends who have enriched her life, wrote to remind her, as he said, that she was drawing fifteen dollars for teaching and twenty-five dollars for not worrying, and for showing her dimples. Imagine this young girl of nineteen facing, on the first day of school, sixty children seated in chairs unscrewed to the floor and excited over the new teacher and the parent visitors. The question immediately came to her mind, "What is the first thing to do?" The answer was unqualified: "Keep order at any cost." So she told a ghost story. Her stories have been always a delight and marvel to her friends, and this exhibition of the art so completely

won the admiration of all the pupils that the victory was hers from that moment. The unique human qualities of this young teacher, which gave her a peculiarly close relation to the pupils, are well described by two friends:

"She won the hearts of her pupils by her tact and enthusiasm, and of the patrons by her efficiency, and the good work accomplished with their children. The first thing she did when her room was assigned was to put up curtains to the windows. This was long before the days of 'Mothers' Clubs' and 'Civic Pride Movements.' I remember the great number of tall windows in her room and the seemingly endless length of the hems and casings. At that time she decided that she might marry a tailor.

"When the first day of April came, having received the consent of the parents of the children, she and all her pupils hied themselves to the woods for a picnic. When the superintendent returned from visiting another school, he was shocked to find her room entirely vacant and on her desk a note something like this: 'I am mentally and physically unable to teach to-day.' It was quite distressing to see the consternation of the superintendent. Most of all, probably, because he was personally interested in the little runaway teacher, and feared what the school

board might say. But when he presented the matter to that august body, they simply smiled and dismissed it with the remark that she was just a girl, and wanted some pleasure.

"In looking back at life through maturer eyes, it seems to me that the keynote of her character has ever been, 'Seek out your limitations and there go to work.'"

"I was a little girl of only ten when she first came smiling across my path. Mr. Pennybacker, tall, blond, with charming smile, was the principal. I remember all the teachers and the older girls in his classes were devoted to him. It soon became evident, however, that his greatest interest centered about the little lady who ruled over the fourth grade, Miss Anna Hardwicke. This tiny maiden was of an independent nature, but she had the rosiest cheeks, the most fascinating dimples, the merriest eyes, the sweetest whimsical smile, and the most understanding ways. She had a coaxing, humorous way that gained the love and co-operation of her pupils, but with it there were also great personal dignity, and inflexible determination that won their respect and obtained their obedience.

"My young brother, who was in her class, was often kept in after school hours. When mother asked him about it, he frankly replied that he liked being kept in because he loved to watch Miss Anna's dimples. My mother laughingly

repeated this to her; and, afterward the punishment for talking in school was changed to copying poetry at home, whereupon the talking ceased. Nor was the admiration confined to her own room, for the rest of us felt the force of her fine, warm, sunny personality, and envied those immediately under her care.

"She was a social favorite in the little circle of Bryan. I think the literary club, of which my parents were both members, was still flourishing at that time; anyhow, I have memories of readings by her. She was fond of elocution, and made quite a feature of the Friday afternoon speeches by her pupils. I remember hearing her called a fine conversationalist; for I immediately resolved to become one also. Looking back I can see she must, even then, have been the sympathetic listener she now is, bringing out also the best from her companions.

"She was ambitious and 'filled with that divine energy that makes of each to-day a starting point for to-morrow's achievement.'"

Miss Hardwicke was in love with her work of the third and fourth grades in Bryan; and "it soon became evident" that the superintendent was in love with the teacher of the third and fourth grades—for they became engaged in December. The next year she taught

the fourth and fifth grades. Mr. Pennybacker was very anxious for their marriage, but Miss Hardwicke said: "No, we haven't enough education yet." One day, more in a spirit of jest than of serious planning, Mr. Pennybacker said: "I have decided to go to the University of Berlin." Instead of the alarm that he expected, his fiancée was undoubtedly overjoyed at the thought. "Bravo!" she exclaimed. "How splendid!" The die was cast, there was but one thing for him to do —so in June he crossed to Germany, there to remain for two years of study.

During his absence, Miss Hardwicke taught in Carthage, Missouri. Inspired by the interesting letters from Germany, now arriving two or three times a week, she began the study of German under a highly educated professor, giving him English lessons in return for those in German. This was among the happiest years of her teaching. She was the first really good teacher the mentally hungry children had ever known, and they loved her with the love

that masters. Some of them, coming from very poor families, depended on her not only for instruction in the subjects of the curriculum but also for teaching in manners and morals.

Much careful thought was expended on the Friday afternoon programs. This little incident indicates just how needy the children were. One of the girls said to her, after a Friday afternoon talk on "Manners," "Has it always been considered wrong to put your knife in your mouth?" To-day, this same girl is a supervisor in the primary schools of one of the largest cities of the United States.

It was in Carthage that Miss Hardwicke joined her first club—the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. The following year, she taught in the Baptist Female College, Lexington, Missouri—still pursuing, with another teacher of unusual scholarship, her study of German, her letters in that language being a marvel to Mr. Pennybacker. Returning in June, he was elected superintendent of schools in

Tyler, and he immediately telegraphed Miss Hardwicke, offering her the position of principal of the high school. After replying affirmatively to the telegram, she rushed up to Canada for a summer course in Expression, returning to Tyler in the early fall. They were married in October, and she began nine very happy years of work with her husband in Tyler. The following story from one of Mrs. Pennybacker's pupils there furnishes a vivid story of her signal accomplishments as a teacher:

"It is delightful to have a chance to talk about Mrs. Pennybacker as a teacher. The relation between her and the boys and girls of Tyler was so intimate that there is no dealing in generality when talking about it; somehow our personalities got a bit identified, an identity that we have not been able to get rid of in the process of years.

"The coming of the Pennybackers to Tyler marked an epoch that the 'Big Hall' population were immediately aware of, and the town population realized later. For the town population were more or less shocked when they learned that a young superintendent had been chosen for the public school, then not more than four years old, and a young woman as principal.

There was especially prolonged discussion over the latter indiscretion of the Board. Our elders shook their heads over it, and we of the 'Big Hall' planned greater times than had ever been known there. And the 'Big Hall' had witnessed some very great times, indeed, as we of the sixth grade, who had been just promoted to a permanent seat there, gathered from the stories that were told.

"Now the 'Big Hall' needs some explanation. Before the citizens of Tyler, inclined as they were to aristocracy and conservatism, had grudgingly voted in the public school system as a municipal responsibility—perhaps it would be better to say community responsibility—the East Texas Military Academy was the pride of that section of the state. It occupied a three-story brick building, with a tower. The entire second floor of the building was the auditorium. Sometime nearly coincident with the public school election, the Academy closed its doors; and it was there that the public school was opened. That auditorium became the 'Big Hall' to us of the public school, and all the grades above the fifth were gathered there—and there were enacted such scenes as only Will Townsend or Clyde Yarborough would dare stage in a school-room. It was over this 'Big Hall,' with its long recitation benches in the front and its three class-rooms roughly partitioned off in the rear, that the principal was supposed to pre-

side. The foolhardiness of the Board in placing a young woman there, is at once apparent.

"I remember every detail of that first morning, except why the principal was not there to call the 'Big Hall' to order. Anyhow, we had our glimpse of Mr. Pennybacker first; and between curiosity and instinctive recognition of his force of character, we were very silent. When Miss Hardwicke—little Miss Hardwicke—tripped in, nodded, and smiled at us, put her hat in the desk, and shut the lid with a click of decision, and remarked that she was glad everybody was ready for work (ready for work, in the 'Big Hall'!) our astonishment was acute. The shuffling of feet and dropping of pencils, usually characteristic of the 'Big Hall,' were omitted. Only Jim McBride giggled and Emmet Clay coughed. At that, the sixth grade, which boasted both Jim and Emmet, came in for a share of Miss Hardwicke's attention, the attention that later became a matter of pride. Then, we only knew that a quiet, concentrated look of inquiry was turned upon us and lingered there indefinitely. The look, too, was a surprise. We had never seen a look exactly like that—nor have we since. We always thought of it in capitals.

"The day proceeded according to the schedule on the board; the first day of school and everything to the minute!—another matter of surprise. Also, neither Will nor Clyde, sitting in

the classes above our sixth grade, did anything heroic. Then there was another thing that happened to mark this beginning of a new epoch in school life. The sixth grade was suddenly asked to stand up and take our places along the wall. We knew not why; but we went; and we did not punch—that was also a surprise. But it paled into insignificance beside what followed: Miss Hardwicke turned the smile upon us this time and remarked that she would tell us a story. I gasp even yet when I remember the astonishment I felt, and the thrill over the daring of it. A story in school! That was only thirty years ago; but nobody in the sixth grade, or the seventh, or the eighth, had ever heard of a story in school. The story was, 'Napoleon Defending the Convention.' To this day, I do not know why Miss Hardwicke should have chosen that story, but it was a story indeed; and it was history—history, the abhorred by our elders in the 'Big Hall.' From that moment, my awe of the judgment of those elders departed, and I stepped into the outer edge of freedom of thought. For here was history! How could I know that the teacher, who told the story, was a genius at story-telling; we had never heard a teacher tell a story before.

"With such surprises, there is little wonder that the sixth grade ever afterward divided their school life into two parts: before the Pennybackers and afterwards. The seventh and eighth

may have been going through the same experience; at any rate, Will and Clyde enacted no memorable stunts. Yes, there is one I remember about Will. He was very much of a young man then, seventeen perhaps, an audacious rascal of a fellow—fond of the girls, who were fonder of him. Miss Hardwicke was not much older than these girls. One day she was explaining percentage to the seventh grade, and turning suddenly, asked Will a question about the steps she had just taken. Will hesitated; he had already learned that inattention stood with tardiness in the catalogue of sins. Suddenly he looked at her with his best smile and blurted out: 'I declare, Miss Hardwicke, I didn't hear a word you said for looking at your hand. It's the prettiest hand I ever laid eyes on.' Silence fell. She looked at him. Afterwards, Will said the look lasted for hours. I may stop here to say that the look and the polite 'Go back to your seat' was the only mode of punishment the 'Big Hall' was henceforth to know.

"Another daring thing this surprising teacher succeeded in doing—she improved the personal appearance of the 'Big Hall.' It is even said that she introduced most of us (that was thirty years ago) to tooth brushes. At any rate, if the tooth brush and the nail brush, and the hair brush, and the shoe brush had not been used effectively before we reached school, we were sent back home to accomplish it before we were

permitted to return. And nobody ever failed to return—not even Ab. DeShang, who declared that there was one thing he would do if he were ever sent home, he would never come back. But how could even Ab. miss the composition lesson when another Hercules story was to be told for reproduction? It was that same spirit that reduced absence to a minimum and relegated tardiness to the epoch before.

"But it was not only the power of controlling the crowd and of stimulating interest that constituted Miss Hardwicke's wonderful influence upon the 'Big Hall'; there was her grasp of a situation, her tact, her genuine interest in each of us as an individual, and her sympathetic appeal to that which was strongest and best. It was the year of the bitter Cleveland-Blaine presidential campaign. There were only a few Republicans in Tyler then, and to most of the school children they were a monstrous reproach to the nation. My father was one of the few Republicans. I knew no more than the rest of the sixth grade what a Republican was; I only knew I would defend him with my last breath. It was bad enough at all times, but the day after I had knocked Claude Wiley down with my satchel full of books as we were going home from school, because he poked his tongue out and called my father an 'old Radical,' was a very black day, indeed.

"But that day a series of story lessons were

begun in the 'Big Hall' on the political history of the United States, incidentally enlarging upon the lack of difference between Republicans and Democrats. That ended it. If Miss Hardwicke said a Republican was worthy of respect, respected he should be, so far as the sixth grade was concerned. But more than that, she bestowed upon me the special favor of a request to remain after school to help clear the board for the next day. And as we worked, she found out many things, and I went home walking on air and ready to turn the world over if Miss Hardwicke thought I could. I do not forget anything about that day. It was thus that she reached the individual always.

"It was not long after school opened before we heard that our Mr. Pennybacker and our Miss Hardwicke were to be married early in the fall. There was no gossip about it. It was our wedding. When it was known that all the attendants were to be taken from the 'Big Hall' we accepted it as a matter of course. It was so much our wedding that very likely Miss Hardwicke had some little difficulty in arranging the details. We were all there, of course, in a reserved section of the Methodist Church; and the next Monday morning we took up our married life with the same matter-of-fact spirit, the same content that now everything was as it should be. For Mr. Pennybacker was as much a hero to us as was Miss Hardwicke, and well

he should have been, for he was an unusual man.

"The sixth grade went with the Pennybackers through the high school, some of us doubling up to merge with the highest class. There were eight who went on together to graduation as the first class of the Tyler High School; and those eight could write endlessly of the order, the thoroughness, and the solidarity of that school for the years that followed; of the personal interest that spurred us on and opened up possibilities to us; of the assistance which the Pennybackers gave even in a financial way to help us go on to college or to do further work. But this is enough to show why the coming of the Pennybackers was the beginning of a new epoch for Tyler."

It was in this thoroughgoing co-operation between teacher and pupil that Miss Hardwicke found her greatest support. Together they worked, together they played, together they beautified the school-room and campus, together they kept the order of the room. Children are very alert in detecting insincerity; but in Miss Hardwicke's dealings with them, they recognized the unmistakable ring of honesty.

They knew that she understood; that she believed in them, believed that "their hearts were full of love, full of the desire to do something for the betterment of others. That it was only that youth is so gay, so full of the present moment, so prone to throw off responsibility that these serious thoughts did not come to them voluntarily."

They were aware, moreover, that to her teaching was a sacred mission, one worthy of the utmost preparation, and that, accordingly, she continued her private study—always through her collateral work, replenishing the source of daily supply for them; they felt that having taught every grade in the public school, her methods of organization came from a rich experience and deserved their respect. In an address delivered by her many years ago before the State Teachers' Association, we find, in her own words, her ideals of the teaching profession:

"There is no class of people who can exercise greater power in establishing right ideals than the teachers of our

country. Not even at the mother's knee does the boy learn the lesson of true patriotism, the lesson of true citizenship more thoroughly than he learns it in the model school-room (which is in itself a true republic), from the lips of the man or woman who is a consecrated instructor. But the teacher that makes such an impression is the one who honors and dignifies his profession; not the one who uses it as a stepping-stone to some more lucrative place or as a waiting station for matrimony, but one who feels how solemn is his responsibility, and one who fits himself by professional training for the discharge of every duty. He is the man who possesses that indefinable, intangible something that we call character, that power which leaps from the spirit, comes into living touch with those who surround us, enters into the warp and woof of the lives of those entrusted to our care. The most solemn part of the teacher's responsibility is that our children judge us not by our words, but by our deeds. They may listen with assumed patience

to our homilies on good morals and good manners, on civic ideals, but they are not influenced by these. No, it is the daily life, the way we bear ourselves and our relation to them and to each other that really influences them. . . . You realize keenly how much the environment has to do with character building; you realize that your highest duty is not simply to teach the children of Texas reading, writing and arithmetic; but to make them good citizens, to make the girls model housekeepers, wives and mothers, to make the boys broad, high-minded, honorable men."

If this power of translating idea into action, culture into citizenship, be the criterion of a good teacher, a directory of the pupils of Mrs. Pennybacker—listing their qualifications by the successful lives of varied service that they are leading—would disclose, in bold terms, the truly great character of her work as an educator.

V

THE WIFE AND MOTHER

It is a pleasure to add my word to the general appreciation of my friend, Mrs. Pennybacker. I regard her as one of the finest examples of womanhood I have ever known; intellectually keen, possessed of glorious common sense, tact, and *savoir faire,* and, best of all, so richly endowed in qualities of heart and soul as to have the widest human sympathy and the most tolerant understanding of life. It is upon such women as she that the best future fortunes of this country rest and can have hopeful confidence.

—Richard Burton

(Department of Literature, University of Minnesota).

V

THE WIFE AND MOTHER

"Love is a present for a Mighty King."
—HERBERT.

MR. and Mrs. Pennybacker to an unusual degree were united in the fundamental concerns of life. They were of the same religious faith; both zealous for the cause of education; both efficient in the problems of school organization; both untiring students; both filled with an absorbing love for the individual; both interested in the general betterment of community life. They were congenial spirits. They worked together, played together, thought together. Their association was, therefore, not a matter of bargains or demands—"each giving little and demanding little in return, or

demanding everything and giving little in return"—but rather a mutual self-giving "to the level of every day's most quiet need."

It is small wonder, therefore, that they attained distinction in the field of their chosen profession. But those who have trod the "Appian Way" of education, surrounded by libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums and playgrounds, can form no conception of the difficulties before educators who must themselves blaze the trail or be lost forever in the darkness of the jungle. The ingenuity of the inventor, the courage of the explorer, the faith of the pilgrim, the love of the Good Samaritan, are qualities of mind and soul that had to be expended in bringing harmony and efficiency out of the chaos of the early schools. The well-organized and efficient schools of Tyler to-day are evidence of the success of Mr. and Mrs. Pennybacker in this difficult field of pioneer education.

Yet, though the schools became a Mecca for earnest teachers from all

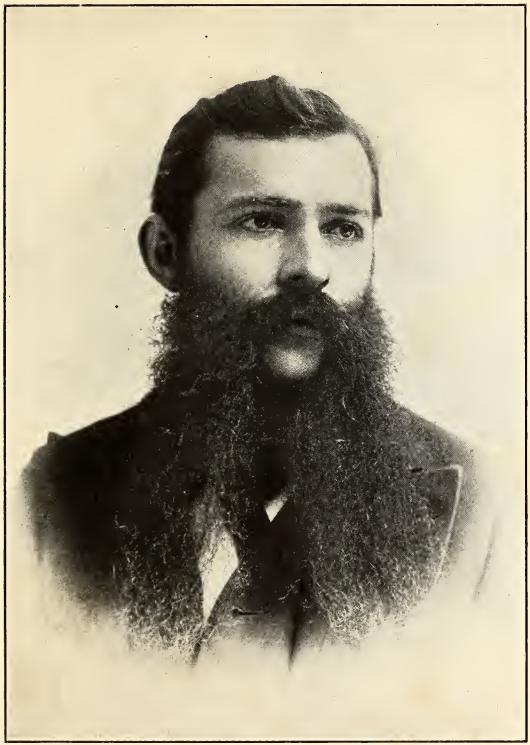
parts of the state, the Pennybackers found time for other activities. They conducted a Teachers' Bureau; they taught in the first Summer Normal in Texas; they were prominent in the beginning of the State Teachers' Association; they were active in the social life of their own community; and they organized their first club. Mrs. Pennybacker, besides the home-making, wrote her *Texas History*, and life was enriched by the coming of two children—her oldest son, Bonner, and a little daughter, who died in infancy. The summers were spent in travel. In 1894, Mr. Pennybacker took his wife to Europe, going with her to places that were endeared to them both through the associations of his two years of study there.

The years in Palestine, where the Pennybackers went in 1895, were a repetition of the useful and busy nine years in Tyler—merely a substitution of new scenes and new faces for the familiar ones left behind. Mr. Pennybacker was again called on to organize

and develop a public school system. Mrs. Pennybacker, however, did no teaching; she gave much of her time to the first revision of the *History,* to social activities and club work, and it was here, too, that Percy, Jr. and Ruth were born.

While in Palestine a dark cloud crossed the Pennybacker threshold. Ill health came creeping on the strong head of the home; and though fighting bravely against it, death came on May 15, 1899. Although it was no sudden shock, it brought great grief and deep distress to his devoted family and friends.

No name is more fundamentally interwoven with the progress of education in the state of Texas, and in the great Southwest than that of Percy V. Pennybacker. An evidence of his qualification for the teaching profession is the fact that he was sought out from his home in the country, near Paris, Texas, when a youth of only eighteen years of age, and given a position in the National School of the Cherokee Indians at



Mr. Percy V. Pennybacker.

Tahlequah, then Indian Territory. When the towns of Bryan, Tyler and Palestine directed their attention to the establishment of public schools, it was from Mr. Pennybacker that they successively sought guidance. At this time there was no public school system for the state, and it was necessary for him to develop his own system. The state of Texas to-day is indebted to him for many useful methods; he gained reputation, for instance, as a pioneer in graded school work. Dr. W. S. Sutton, Dean of the Education Department of the University of Texas, in an address before the alumni of the Sam Houston Normal, on the occasion of their Memorial Program to Superintendent Pennybacker, revealed the cause of his success:

"Young as he then was (as a teacher in the Indian School) he had brains and insight enough to appreciate the fact that the problems of education, involving, as they do, the deepest questions of human experience, are worthy of the consecrated efforts of the most gifted men. And his common sense, a kind of instinctive

judgment, led him inevitably to the conclusion that special training is necessary to the highest success in teaching. It is, therefore, a matter of no surprise that in 1880 he was a member of the first graduating class of the first Normal School established in Texas."

Mr. Pennybacker was the first European-trained man in the public school system of Texas. President Harry Estill of the Sam Houston Normal, a classmate of Mr. Pennybacker, gives the following estimate of his contribution to the educational history of his state:

"Among the thirty-one students comprising the first senior class of the Sam Houston Normal, Percy V. Pennybacker in personal appearance was perhaps the most striking figure. A young man of splendid physique, tall, graceful, and well-proportioned, with clear complexion, blue eyes, and handsome features. . . . As a student, he was characterized by careful and accurate statement, clear thinking and thorough work. Possessing a keen sense of humor, he enjoyed a good story and was always a welcome companion. Gentle, courteous, and considerate of others, he was yet a man of positive conviction and of dauntless courage.

"Pennybacker possessed rare ability as a school administrator. . . . He possessed, to a large degree, the confidence and affection of the teachers of Texas, as evidenced by his election to the Presidency of the State Teachers' Association."

Dr. Sutton says of Mr. Pennybacker's contribution to the educational development of the state of Texas:

"He was one of the successful pioneers in graded school work in Texas. . . . His sojourn in foreign lands did not disqualify him for further useful service in America, for upon his return he clearly disclosed the fact that his European experiences had been of positive advantage, adding to his scholastic, professional and social worth. . . .

"He was an almost ideal superintendent. His justice and sympathetic helpfulness in dealing with teachers under his supervision; his unselfish love of children; his passion, like that of Froebel, to promote good in the world by developing good in the child; his rational and effective work in allaying the prejudices of parents and guardians and in arousing and strengthening public sentiment in behalf of education; his dignity and wisdom in co-operating with members of school boards and in inducing them to co-operate with him—all these

characteristics stamped him unmistakably as an advanced representative of his profession."

Rarer than his talents as an educator were his gifts of manhood. His colleague and room-mate during his European study, Colonel J. M. Patton, of Virginia Military Institute says:

"Percy V. Pennybacker was one of those rare men who combine an attractive personality with unusual mental gifts, and with ease, without effort, or conscious purpose, impress upon their fellow-men their lofty character with unfailing force, by that very simplicity and naturalness that is born of sincere aim and integrity of thought and action.

"He saw good in everyone and everything, and yet was scathing in denunciation of unprincipled thoughts or acts. He was constantly, however, actuated by a spirit of tolerance, charitable, kindhearted, whole-souled. . . . If 'infinite capacity for taking pains' be genius, this man had it in a high degree.

"He was, in the largest sense, intellectual, broad of view, constructive in force. Yet, nothing of a stern nature possessed him. He was jovial and full of fun, enjoyed a good joke or a comical situation with side-splitting laughter. Friends were easily made and, 'their adoption

tried, he grappled them to his soul with hoops of steel.'"

In September, 1900, the widowed mother, with her three small children, moved to Austin, Texas, where she might give her children greater advantages of education and where she might manage her private business more conveniently. These were days when the mother-heart grew with ever-widening capacity. From their infancy, Mrs. Pennybacker made companions of her children. There was no labored training noticeable in the home; the little ones grew up naturally. Artificiality and self-conscious effort were unknown evils; the children developed and blossomed as the flowers in the sunshine of intelligent sociability, in the free air of broad interests. Their mother-comrade aroused no fear or restraint, but rather invited confidence and ease. A girlhood friend gives us this little picture of the Pennybacker home:

"After many years of separation, when I

went to visit Anna Hardwicke Pennybacker, I found that her home was run with admirable system; that the son, who was the more timid of the two, was doing the honors of the house; that the little daughter's clothes were not only dainty and pretty, but reflected a certain individuality, and that Anna's home and Anna's children presented a beautiful climax to the strong, high purpose that has inspired her life from the beginning."

And so it has been throughout the years—for the three small children are grown to manhood and youth; Bonner, at the date of this writing, is a business man in Los Angeles, California; Percy is a senior in the Engineering Department of the University of Texas, and Ruth is a sophomore at Vassar.

The secret of Mrs. Pennybacker's power with youth is, no doubt, the fact that she has never allowed her own heart to settle and cool, or mold and harden. Ever warm, ever plastic, it knows no barriers of years or race, but throbs full and strong in response alike to youth or age. The energy and enthusiasm of youth have always appealed strongly to her, for she "summons from

the past the spirit of her own youth, and listening to its voice, gains full understanding of the problems, the desires, the ambition of the boys and girls, of her sons and daughters." She recognizes "the necessity of mother and daughter working together in one common cause," which means that "every step the daughter takes will be towards the mother and not away from her—meaning more community interest and more solidarity in the home," the center of the wider horizon of community interests.

As for the sons, her ideals are expressed in one of her addresses:

"We should be broken-hearted if our sons could not say, 'I'd swear by my mother's religion, and she'd die for it;' but we crave that they may also affirm, 'Mother's ideas about public questions are sane; she reasons, she knows, as well as feels, and I'd put her argument against anyone's.' When this time comes we shall find no trouble in converting our lads to our own civic ideals."

It is significant that Mrs. Pennybacker has given the United States a practical method for developing the civic ideals of its sons. Her conception of the appropriate use of the July 4th holiday has been adopted in many states. Her description of the pageant that may be staged in any community of our country on that day is given here because of the vital relation that this question of loyal citizenship bears not only to the problems of our national, but also to the problems of our home, life:

"I am no prophet, no seer of visions, yet in my day-dreams there has come a picture of what some day, God grant, may happen on July 4th in this beautiful city that marks such a happy blending of commercial and intellectual life, and in every community in our country. At an early hour, while the freshness of the summer morn is still felt, the town is all astir making ready for a gladsome holiday. The school buildings are opened, the children come by hundreds, laden with flowers. At the sound

of martial music a great procession is formed; there are boys and girls, young maidens dressed in white and crowned with garlands, gracious matrons, the poor mother about whose skirt many little children cling, the man of affairs, and the man who toils with his hands. The procession sweeps on till the temple of justice is reached. At a signal the ranks open.

"Who are these stalwart youths, broad of shoulder, clear of eye, that march down the open center? Are they guests of honor? Aye, indeed, they are the city's guests of honor; but they are even more. They are her most precious possessions, her sureties for the future. These are the young men who during the past twelve months have passed their twenty-first birthday, and at the next election will cast their first ballots; and this day is set aside to honor them, to celebrate their donning the toga. As they pass the children strew their path with flowers, the maidens cast their garlands at their feet, each mother with a smile on the lip but a

tear in the eye, murmurs, 'God bless you, my boy.' The men of low and high degree side by side stand with uncovered heads. Into the house of justice sweeps the great multitude and the young citizens are escorted to seats of honor marked by our country's colors, and guarded by our country's flag.

"Then rises a great orator, the best that love and money can obtain, for nothing is too good for this day and for these guests. As he speaks, not of military honors and martial glory but of the great civic heroes of our land, as he illustrates from the pages of history the results that come from an unselfish devotion to home, state and country, as he holds up the high ideals of true American citizenship, watch their flashing eyes and inspired faces. Ah, dear friends, they will respond to every noble thought, for who are these youths but our little boys grown tall? As at our knees in the years gone by they listened eagerly to the tales of heroes, the tears and smiles coming quickly, so now they feel just as deeply

and are just as easily touched, though custom bids them conceal emotion. When the speaker is silent, amid a solemn hush, the magistrate of the city, county or state reads aloud the names of the new citizens and administers to them the civic oath.

"Think you such a day would not be an inspiration to the whole community? If we genuinely placed such importance, such honor, upon the entrance into civic life, it would not be long before we should see the result. It would be no idle dream to believe that the day would come when the young man on the eve of casting his first vote would feel as did the squire of old on the eve of knighthood; and if he spends that night in fasting and prayer, so much the better. When he holds in his hand for the first time that bit of white paper, the badge of his citizenship, he may well say: 'This is my sword, and I shall blush to cast it for an unworthy cause or an ignoble purpose, even as Sir Galahad would have scorned to draw his matchless blade in a dishonorable quarrel.'

"When this halcyon day comes, a new era will dawn. The Muse of History will call for a golden pen and she will write above all other names on the roll of Fame, not the North, nor the South, nor the East, nor the West, but one word that means all of these, the name we love so well—'America.'"

In such an age as this, when an insistent cry has gone forth over our country for a safeguarding of the American home—an institution that in some localities appears tottering with decay—it is an evidence of destiny that a woman should be chosen as a national and world leader of women who signally exemplifies the lowly grace of homemaking.

VI

THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Pennybacker has rendered a distinct service to Texans and made a valuable contribution to the historical records of Texas, through her delightful *History,* which has been used in the schools of her native state and throughout the country. She is a public-spirited citizen and a woman of fine qualities of mind. Her work is nation-wide in its scope and it has left its impress on the educational and patriotic development of our country.

—Albert Burleson
(Postmaster-General).

VI

THE AUTHOR

"None but an author knows an author's care."
—COWPER.

WE are at too close range for a complete estimate of the literary contribution of Mrs. Pennybacker to the world's library, but that she embodies the essential qualities of permanency, or life, in her written work there can be no doubt. Her work has been no studied, agonizing effort. She has written because the spirit compelled.

Her initial impressions she entitled *Life in the South* and mailed the manuscript to a Leavenworth (Kansas) newspaper that published it in entirety. Even as a young girl she seemed to inherit her father's taste for

writing. He possessed a forceful and distinguished style; and as night by night they sat in his study together, there was opportunity for the daughter to receive much from her father. Even after entering the strenuous profession of teaching, she found time to write frequently for educational journals, as she never allowed the drudgery of teaching to crowd out the pleasures of education. The fact that she received only books in return in no way dampened her ardor; but had she felt a mercenary motive, books would have been considered a desirable basis of exchange—for the buying of books at that time meant real personal sacrifice.

Her place as an author, however, dates from the publication of her *Texas History.* How often have we heard of that indefinable operating force called "Texas spirit." Men from sections as rich in historic tradition as is this proud state marvel at the magnetic patriotism of Texans. Texans themselves are at a loss to analyze the psychology of this phenomenon—real though they know it

to be. It is not that Texas feels herself superior in commerce, education, or religion to other states of the democracy. She is "big enough to be sane, honorable enough to be truthful, proud enough to be modest." May we not find the key to this mystery in the pages of the *Texas History?*—in the vivid pictures there given of the heroism of La Salle, Austin, Houston, Travis, Bowie, Crockett, Milam, and Deaf Smith ("the first to fight for the land until it was safe for others to follow and share it") —of life in the Missions; of travel along that famous old trail, The King's Highway; of the horrors of Indian massacres; of the valorous deeds of Goliad, the Alamo, and San Jacinto; of the statesmanship of the Republic; and of the general development of the resources of the modern state? This record of the history of a state that boasts six flags of successive allegiance, has been twenty-five years studied in the schools of Texas, read widely in its homes, and distributed, also, over a great part of the country, awakening

elsewhere general interest in its author's beloved state.

The many letters and personal expressions regarding her *History* that have reached Mrs. Pennybacker prove that she has re-interpreted for Texas the inspiring truths of her past and the stimulating accomplishments of her present, in terms presenting an irresistible appeal to the loyalty of her citizens. The historian can ask no greater recompense than the consciousness that he has impressed upon his people a deeper, more energizing patriotism, especially among the young. That Mrs. Pennybacker's *Texas History* has accomplished this patriotic service there is no question.

There can be no surer evidence of her fitness for the work than the occasion of her undertaking it. During the days when her husband and herself were serving so valiantly the schools of Tyler, and those of the entire state as well, —through their advice and suggestion to teachers from all parts of the state,— during these days, a teacher visiting

the school sat in Mrs. Pennybacker's history classes. Her original and electric manner of presenting this subject captivated him. At the dinner table he turned toward her, and in tones almost commanding, announced: "There is a distinct task for you. As I sat hearing you teach history this morning, I was impressed with the conviction that it is your duty to write a Texas History." That night, when alone with his wife, Mr. Pennybacker, ever sensitive to needs and opportunities, expressed hearty approval of the idea. The success of the *History* is due as much, perhaps, to his constant faith in his wife's ability as to her faithful and exhaustive research, her simple and vivid style. She was not well much of the time, and had to drive herself to portions of the task. Mr. Pennybacker, however, saved her whenever within his power to do so, and undertook complete charge of the details of publication, carrying this responsibility until his death.

After two years spent in indefati-

gable labor on the book, she felt, in a small way at least, as Gibbons describes his feeling when, straining for the goal, after rapidly finishing the fifth and sixth volumes, he wrote the last words of his history:

"I will not dissemble the first emotion of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my *History,* the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

No mean part of the literary activity of Mrs. Pennybacker is presented in her letters. And so brimfull are they of the human interest of their writer that she is not aware that they possess literary merit, although they typify the great heart of sympathy throbbing through the daily concerns of common living. From club articles published each month in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* and in approximately two

hundred newspapers over the country, we quote scattered excerpts:

"If only our nervous, time-pressed women could realize the value of solitude!"

"How often ignorance of one another creates misunderstanding. Some one has well said that when we really know a person, we can neither misjudge nor dislike him."

"It is not alone that all these things save energy, but they are the small, exquisite courtesies of life that go so far toward making happiness. No woman intends to be thoughtless, but yet there are times when our hearts ache for the absence of the right courtesy at the right time."

"I am growing rather troubled about our social attitude. When an afternoon affair is given, of course, as a rule, men are not expected, but I confess it gives me rather a shock to see evening entertainments in both North and South with no men invited. Some women say, 'It's no use to invite our husbands; they don't want to come and only do

it to please us.' If this be true, I think it behooves us to find some form of pleasure that will interest the husbands as well as the wives."

"While we are talking of our social duties, have you noticed how much more entertaining is being done outside the home? I regret this; for it seems we are losing something in refinement, in the proper background, in that exquisite personal hospitality, when we make a habit of asking our guests to a hotel or to a club, rather than to our own homes."

"What a tragedy to think of a girl having spent four years at college and going out with no more resources, with no more sense of duty to others, to her town, to her state, than to make embroidery her major occupation. It is time that the institutions of learning which have not placed their students in touch with the vital movements of the day should awaken to the necessity of so doing."

"A girl has no right to complain that there is nothing at home for her; it is

her duty to put something into the community. She has been given four or five years of opportunity, and God holds her responsible for the use she makes of her advantages. Perhaps her special mission is to go back to her own town, joyously taking something of the new life and the new thought. Since she has received much she must give much, or else be a parasite."

These examples are sufficient evidence that Mrs. Pennybacker wastes no time on generalities; her work is constructive. Her method is, first, a disclosure of specific needs; second, suggested plans to meet those needs; third, an appeal for workers. She never leaves the circle incomplete. Her method established, her style develops a naturalness and spontaneity that enable her to go straight to the point, and radiates at the same time that "judgment which inspires confidence and the knowledge which compels respectful attention." Though richly illuminated by figures and allusions, her sentences and paragraphs veritably

blaze with the fire of a sacred mission—and this in the final analysis is the secret of her power.

VII

THE TRAVELER

Mrs. Pennybacker is a rare woman—enthusiastic, untiring, eloquent, executive. She possesses all the qualities which make a great leader of a great organization.

—Carrie Chapman Catt

(President International Woman's Suffrage Association).

VII

THE TRAVELER

"Not an Athenian, nor a Greek, but a citizen of the world." —SOCRATES.

MRS. PENNYBACKER loved travel, and "always knew she was going to Europe"—vague as the prospect seemed in the family of a minister with a brood of eight children. How little she then realized to what extent her dreams would materialize by the time she reached the zenith of her womanhood! The frequent change of residence that comes with the life of a minister's family may have developed this taste for new faces, new scenes, and new experiences.

The summer in Canada just before her marriage was her first real trip.

For nine months she had saved and planned for it. On the way home, she made very brief stops in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington—for sight-seeing so far as time permitted. Ever conscious of the need of replenishing the fires of knowledge, Mr. and Mrs. Pennybacker spent their summers in travel. In 1894 a trip to Europe with her husband realized the childhood dream. To go to Europe for the first time, passing over the same streets, visiting the same museums and parks, universities and *pensions,* listening to the same operas, living with the same people, in company with her husband, whose letters, as her student fiancé, had created an atmosphere of tender associations which still brooded over the half-familiar places, was a rich experience.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Pennybacker pursued the same policy of summer travel for her small family. They went often to Chautauqua, New York, and to the Boulder Chautauqua in Colorado, to the Massachusetts coast,

and to other resorts suitable for the refreshment of the whole man—body, mind, and soul—never permitting any one phase of life to receive undue emphasis. In the summer of 1900, she had charge of woman's work at the Boulder Chautauqua. Her success was widely proclaimed in that section, as she demonstrated then her unique capacity for leadership in the woman's movement, a movement at this time coming into ever increasing notice. This year marked also the beginning of her prominence in club work, as she became President of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs—a position whose outgrowth has taken her not only to every town and city of any importance in her own state, but also to the larger communities of every state in the Union as well. During her first two years of office as President of the General Federation, she traveled thirty thousand miles.

The rapid passage of the weeks, months and years impressed her keenly with the fleeting period of opportunity for the larger and broader development

of her children. She, therefore, determined to give Percy and Ruth (for Bonner was now almost a man, with tastes turning to business affairs) a year of study in Europe, planning long in advance the details of the scheme. In May, 1909, they left their Texas home for eighteen months' residence abroad. The plan included stops in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, that Percy and Ruth might have a background of some of the best elements composing the civilization of their own country before attempting appreciation of the life of a foreign nation. Percy, at the outset, was much opposed to the trip, pleading to the very last day to be left behind. Once on board the steamship "Slavonia," however, he resignedly undertook to divert his mind from his sad plight to the best advantage possible, by spending most of the time poring over a mail-order catalogue, and preparing a list of the paraphernalia of boats and camping equipment desirable for an exploration of the rivers of Texas, a task to which he

looked forward on his return home. But

"What fate imposes, men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

and young Percy, within the week, was called upon to face an emergency that would have staggered more weathered explorers than he. On June 9th, the "Slavonia" crashed into a rock just off the Azores, in the blackness of midnight. As the forlorn group of passengers stood on deck, in the cold rain, the weird light of early dawn making more awful the sighing tones of the wind, "courage mounted with occasion." The heroism of the children and of all the passengers aboard is vividly described in Mrs. Pennybacker's own account of the wreck.

In a letter written to her mother the day before the disaster she said:

"We land in Gibraltar Monday, and I plan to mail this there. If nothing more is added, you may know that each day was a pleasant repetition of the one before."

The following letter was written six days later:

"Steamer 'Princess Irene,' Atlantic Ocean, Monday, June 14, 1909.

"Up to last Wednesday night we had had the smoothest of voyages, and a most restful trip on the 'Slavonia.' Soon after we retired, the fog horn began to blow. This kept me from sleeping soundly, and at fifteen minutes to three I was startled by a terrific crash. The engine seemed to stop instantly, and in another second I heard the rush of many feet. Then I heard, 'All hands on deck!' I said nothing to the children until there came in a few moments more the terror-laden command, 'All passengers on deck!' Then I awoke Percy and stepped across the hall to speak to Frances and Ruth. I bade them to dress hurriedly; ask no questions; obey all orders; pray inwardly, but make no outward sign of fear. It makes me weep now to think how heroic they were, and how uncomplainingly they bore every hardship of that cruel day.

"In a few moments we were on deck, where all was confusion. No one knew anything, save that our vessel had received her death blow. Water was already several feet deep in her hold. The rain was pouring torrents, and in the early dawn we could see to starboard the most cruel mass of rocks of the Azores. These were within a few feet of the 'Slavonia,' but offered no landing place, as they were too steep and slippery for any but the natives to climb. Here, with life preservers bound on us, we waited, not knowing what order might come. The lifeboats were launched and two scout boats were sent out to find a landing place. The wireless was at work, but failed to get into communication with any vessel till noon.

"To see more than a hundred people, most of them women and children, face this situation with no screams, no tears, no hysterics, made one feel proud of his race. The self-control was wonderful. After an hour our cabin steward, who had been most attentive to us during the voyage, said: 'There is no immediate

danger. If I were you I'd pack everything in the cabin.' With his aid, Frances and I packed two steamer trunks, four suit cases and two bags. During all this time the steamer was grinding on the rocks with a noise that we can never forget. By seven o'clock breakfast was served, of coffee, ham and eggs. An Episcopal minister gave a service of thanksgiving; we repeated the Lord's Prayer and sang the doxology, then gave three cheers for the captain and crew. Reaction set in among the young people after breakfast, and the deck was full of jest and laughter. But there was no mirth for those of us who had precious young lives in our care, and who knew that, sooner or later, the vessel was doomed.

"There were six other passengers from Texas, and you would have been proud of the bearing of each. Mrs. G——, though ill, was calm and serene. Dr. R—— and his beautiful wife from Marshall were full of help and comfort to all. Dear F——, though only eighteen, was a tower of strength and effi-

ciency, while Percy and Ruth made light of every disaster, and pretended that they were having what they wanted. The rain stopped and the sun came out at 10:30 o'clock. The command was given, 'Passengers will go ashore in twenty minutes.' In lifeboats manned partly by Portuguese natives who had come to our aid, we went forth on the great sea, skirting giant boulders, passing between what might well have been called Scylla and Charybdis. Our boat was so heavily laden and so slenderly manned that we had to hoist sail to keep from being swept to sea. The peril of this hour and a half was hard to bear, but still there was no word of complaint, not even from Mrs. A——, who is seventy-nine years old. Finally we were landed on the island of Flores, the most western of the Azores, at a little town called Largens. The simple Portuguese natives received us with prayer and embraces.

"Imagine an island all made up of mountainous cliffs, waterfalls and green slopes, girt by the azure sea, filled with

peasants dressed in their feast-day robes, ready to do anything for us, and you will have some idea of what greeted us. They had heard of our distress and had held services in their church to pray for our deliverance.

"Weary and worn, with our possessions piled on the rocks about us (Percy's sole priceless possession was the cumbersome catalogue) we sat, wondering what was to come next. Tidings soon arrived that two ships had been reached by wireless and would come to our assistance that night or the next morning. The villagers opened their homes to us. Mrs. G—— and I found a retreat for our party in a home of three rooms. The people were desperately poor, as, indeed, they all are, but they gave us all they had. The evening meal consisted of potatoes, greens and corn bread. The family sat up that we might sleep; but our young people insisted on organizing themselves into watch parties to listen for the bugle."

(Regardless of all this excitement, the beauty of the scene made an in-

delible impression on Mrs. Pennybacker —the peculiar combination of the sea, reflecting far out into the darkness the red light of the shore bonfires, the incessant play of the powerful searchlight of the approaching ship, and the gloom of the unfriendly cliffs.)

"At one A. M.," continues the letter, "we embarked once more in the small boats and were taken out to the 'Princess Irene' of the North German Lloyd line, bound for Naples and Genoa. My little Ruth was the first passenger to go up the gangway, and I shall never forget how she looked as we, from the boat below, watched her smilingly climb up the side of that great ocean liner, amid the cheers of the passengers, who had waited up to receive us and were kindness itself." (The passengers first caught sight of Ruth's two beautiful braids of blond hair, her good-looking ulster, and the seven umbrellas she carried—and declared that they were prepared to greet the whole company of "Pinafore.")

"Although the 'Princess Irene' was

already full, they made room for us. I am forever indebted to Miss B—— of San Francisco, who was an angel of mercy in the illness which came upon me when all danger was over. My young people had not closed their eyes in twenty-four hours. So it is not to be wondered at that they slept till five o'clock the next afternoon.

"While we have lost nearly everything that we had, yet we have only prayers of thanksgiving to our Father above that we escaped. Had the accident come a day sooner, the natives told us, it would have been impossible to save us, as the sea was high and the fog dense.

"My tenderest love to every one who inquires for us. I never loved my friends, my state, my country more."

After traveling for three months, they were settled by the first of September in comfortable quarters for a year in Munich. The children were promptly established in German schools, while Mrs. Pennybacker began serious work on the German language.

reading German literature and German drama, including also the study of music and art from an interpretative viewpoint. A member of the party writes:

"Munich is a beautiful city with its great, old-fashioned streets and buildings right in the midst of most beautiful modern ones, and it wasn't long before we were completely under its spell. Mrs. Pennybacker loved it dearly.

"We settled down in a nice *pension* within close distance to the main business district, and very near the two art galleries, the Neue and Alte Pinakothek. Ruth and Percy were put in school near us, and Mrs. Pennybacker began her study of German. She had a German lesson every day, and as she had studied the language before, she soon spoke it very well. She was especially interested in the work of women, and in all phases of education; and, as always, in human nature as found in the people themselves. You may be sure she learned from all she met something of their real life and their traditions and customs. From our German teacher, a young Baron, her doctor, a noted specialist in Munich, my music-teacher, and the heads of the school Percy and Ruth attended, we made some friends among the Germans, and were invited to attend some truly German dances, teas, and other functions, which were

most interesting. One of our greatest pleasures, of course, was the opera, and we went very often. We also went to German plays a great deal—both the classic ones—as 'William Tell'—and those by modern authors as well. We had many pleasures that made up our days; walks in the *Englischer Garten,* and along the banks of the Tsar, visits to the wonderful art galleries, excursions to neighborhood towns and villages—where we saw true German peasant life,—afternoon teas in cunning little tea rooms, and a most wonderful two or three days in *Parten Kirchen,* at the height of the Winter Sports season.

"Although physically not well a great deal of the time, Mrs. Pennybacker went everywhere with us, and her interest and enthusiasm never waned. She went to Oberammergau for one of the first performances of the 'Passion Play' and stopped at the house of one of the performers. The wonderful scenery, the quaint village, and the people, with their deep and abiding interest in their play, which has become a part of their daily lives, all in a measure prepare one for the marvelous performance, [with which] Mrs. Pennybacker was deeply impressed."

The following letter by Mrs. Pennybacker, dated Munich, Germany, October 10, 1909, gives a delightfully intimate view of their life in Munich:

"It is such a comfort to be settled once more after four months of continual 'moving on' that I want to have the pleasure of telling you something of our home life.

"Frances' piano, the little ornaments we have picked up on our travels, a few flowers, and the couch and pillow covers Mrs. G—— and F—— have made, are our only touches of individuality; how we miss our family pictures, the books and pretty things from home that went down in our trunks, no one knows.

"I have been impressed by the universal excellence of bread in Europe; no one bakes at home, for the bought bread is light, sweet and wholesome. I do wish we could institute a bread reform in some parts of our country.

"In the *pension* there are Germans, Austrians, French, English and Americans, so one may take his choice of tongues.

"Percy's school is twenty minutes' walk from here, but I go to his principal for a German lesson five times a week.

Both children take German and Latin in classes by themselves, as there are no other pupils whose needs are similar to theirs. Percy has arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history and geography with the German boys. It is amazing how rapidly he is learning. I do not wonder that he is happy in the school, for Frau S—— is a real mother to the boys, and all the other students are especially kind to my boy, who happens this year to be the only American. The lads go twice a week to a great pool for baths and swimming, every day to a gymnasium, and spend two hours on the playground. Percy's skill in baseball has been a drawing card.

"Ruth's school opens Monday; so far she has had German lessons every day, but has spent the afternoons with me. She has grieved much over having no pennants, kodak-pictures, sofa pillows, dresser ornaments, etc., for her room, and thinks the mermaids might send back the treasures she packed with such loving care. She is to have as a room-

mate a German maiden of twelve, who knows no English.

"We are a unit in admiring the kindness and courtesy of the German people. In our struggles to speak, they are ever helpful and never laugh at our mistakes.

"Last Sunday we went to the American Church and were so charmed with the rector, that we shall attend regularly; the service never sounded more beautiful and the prayer for those at sea had a significance I never felt before. Beginning with October, the church gives teas every Saturday; we are told these teas have become quite a social feature of the whole English-speaking colony.

"Munich is so beautiful that every walk brings new pleasures. At every turn one sees obelisks, arcades, gates, arches, palaces, galleries, that delight the eye. 'Beauty is its own excuse for being.'

"We reached here in the midst of a great Brahms and Wagner *Fest*. It gives even an unmusical soul positive

thrills to see how these people listen enthralled from four to ten. Every seat in the great opera house was sold ten days ahead.

"Yesterday we had our first visit to a Munich art gallery, and in spite of the fact that we had vowed we could not stand another, we greatly enjoyed the International exhibition of modern art. I was sorry to find no American exhibitors, but felt somewhat cheered when I read in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* that Berlin was to have an exhibition devoted entirely to American painters. We are planning to go sight-seeing twice each week while the weather is still fine. Many of the art galleries are not heated in winter, so we must literally 'do galleries' while the sun shines.

"A few days since, we had a pleasant experience. Kaiser Wilhelm came to München to present to the city an art gallery that had been given him by a Bavarian millionaire. Through the courtesy of the Herr Direktor of Percy's school, we were invited to see

the spectacle from the windows of the drawing-room of a Baron's palace. When we were ushered in, the Baron, the Baroness, and a young daughter greeted us most cordially—the women speaking English. In a few moments there appeared another guest, a German, who had lived seventeen years in Texas! We had the best of views of the Emperor (who looked rather depressed, by the way), the Prince Regent of this Kingdom, Bavaria (eighty-seven years old, but looking not more than seventy), and other notables. We were then taken into the dining-room, where a typical German mid-morning breakfast was served; the hour was nine-fifteen. Of course we could eat nothing, as we had breakfast just before coming, but we did thoroughly enjoy the glimpse of home life and the charm of genuine hospitality. The only son, a lad of eighteen, is in Percy's school; and when the Baroness told me he had said many nice things about my boy, my captivity was complete."

The following letter gives the ob-

servations of Mrs. Pennybacker regarding the many interesting features of the German educational system:

"Since education brought me here, let me talk to you a little of the schools. The children of Germany are certainly hard-worked little creatures, so far as my observation goes. School begins at eight; it is yet dark when our landlady's son, aged ten, starts for his academy. Everything is mapped out with the utmost system, and, as Ruth says, you may not be taught very comfortably nor very beautifully, but you certainly are taught very thoroughly.

"She is kept busy in study or in play every moment from seven in the morning until bedtime—eight. I fancy, from what Ruth says, that the fare is wholesome but rather plain; however, the little girl certainly looks the picture of health. At first she was quite distressed at the simple dresses and black alpaca aprons that were required; now, however, she seems to have forgotten all about these discomforts.

"She has received many invitations in Munich and in the country. Three weeks ago, she came back from a visit with the wonderful tale of her lithe hostess' suite of apartments: a boudoir, dining-room, bedroom, and bath; also of stables in white and gold with seven white horses, each one of which had his name on a gilded plate before his stall. From this, you may judge that all Germany does not lead the 'simple life.'

"Some of the regulations in the schools here may amuse you. One of the girls had a cold and a sore throat; she was instantly put to bed, all the other pupils were compelled to gargle some mixture, and the fact was reported to the police. I have to pay the city a fee because Percy does not go to the public school. The regulations allow the boys a bath only once a week; as a special dispensation, I got permission for Percy to have two baths, but so many restrictions are thrown about this that it is really like drawing eyeteeth to accomplish it. I have to assure

the Herr Direktor that I relieve him of all responsibility of the second bath! All day long the bedrooms are aired and the boys are not permitted to enter except at certain intervals, but at night every window is closed.

"The boys in Germany are kept under strict discipline in primary and secondary schools. He who passes satisfactorily his examinations from these schools need serve only one year in the army, and has the privilege of becoming an officer, but he who fails must serve two or three years as a common private soldier. Of course, this is a tremendous lever, and we probably would get better results from our American boys if they felt so much was at stake. When the young men enter the university, however, all is changed; perfect freedom prevails—what they so proudly call *academic Freiheit,* a fellow may do absolutely as he pleases. Often for the first year, he studies hardly at all, and the strange part of it is that the older men excuse this in them. My physician remarked, 'My son won't do any work

this year. It is his first, you know, and the Dueling Corps will take a good deal of his time; but next year he will get to work.' No student is compelled to take an examination. When he gets ready to take the probe, if he fails, none of the university officials are worried. He keeps on coming as long as he likes and has at least three chances to take his examinations over. The Dueling Corps, with their brilliantly colored caps and scarfs, give a vivid bit of color to the streets, but I must say the sight of so many scars on the cheeks of these good-looking young fellows is to me most revolting. The [Roman] Catholic Dueling Corps permits fencing only when the face, as well as the body, is protected.

"I have made two visits to the university recently, and had the pleasure of hearing the famous B—— in his discussion of capital and labor. He is a man of such strong personality that, in spite of a peculiar voice and certain mannerisms that strike the casual observer as amusing, he draws tremen-

dous audiences. I also heard Professor M——, who is at the head of the literature department. He spoke delightfully on Wagner, of whom he is a rapt admirer. He has the most rapid enunciation of any man I ever listened to. Consequently, at the close of the hour, I felt as if I had been doing a month's hard work, so great was the strain of listening.

"Of the five thousand students, a small per cent are women, but those that I happened to see did not impress me as being of as representative a type as our American university girls. The interior of the university is imposing; no single hall seats as many as the auditorium in our Texas University, yet they have many gathering places where from three to five hundred students may be accommodated. While the university is partly supported by the Kingdom of Bavaria, yet fees are charged. A professor receives a fixed salary and, in addition, he is paid a percentage of his student fees; however, after this sum has reached a certain limit, the

popular professor must divide with his less favored brother. B—— lectures in the largest hall that the university affords, and this is frequently filled to overflowing. One of the seniors told me that he earns probably twelve thousand dollars a year, but his popularity is good for the teacher of Sanscrit, as a percentage—small, to be sure—goes to those not so fortunate. The chancellor of the university serves only for one year. There are not more than seven Americans enrolled as students here, while there are, perhaps, fifty-five Greeks. The utmost liberty of speech prevails in the university; this sometimes gives rise to amusing complications. I have been told that while Professor M—— never tires of extolling Wagner, yet one of his most able assistants is especially zealous in opposing every word of praise that can be spoken of the great musician; this is another proof of the German love of *academic Freiheit*.

"Refreshments are always to be had; beer, tea, coffee, sandwiches, sausages,

etc., are sold in the university corridors, to the great convenience of the students.

"The length of time required to become a physician, a lawyer, or a minister is rather appalling. I have talked with at least thirty men, and have come to the conclusion that the rule here is that a professional man cannot hope to be self-supporting before he is twenty-eight or twenty-nine. The parents of many children certainly take upon themselves a great financial responsibility in Germany, since they must educate and care for these children until they have reached what we in America consider a most mature age. We must admit, however, that when a man is prepared for his work here, he is genuinely ready; but I am continually bothered by the question, 'Where is the chance for the poor boy, or poor girl?' The way for such is certainly much more difficult than in our country.

"We have seen several of Shakespeare's plays in German, but I learn more German from the modern drama.

A few nights since, we attended *Der Artz am Scheiderwege,* by Bernard Shaw; this was a most artistic representation. I never expect to see anything better than the stage setting and the acting in Munich's best theaters.

"Nothing touches me more than the love these people have for music; every great concert, every opera, is crowded with rapt listeners; standing places are eagerly taken by women as well as by men. Occasionally during the year, the best operas are given by the best performers at a very low price; people actually stand in line from six o'clock in the evening to eight o'clock next morning to obtain tickets; whole families save for weeks beforehand to enjoy this musical feast. You know, München might have been the Bayreuth of Germany if the Müncheners had not driven Wagner from their city. Some fear that King Ludwig II never forgave his people for their action.

"These people have shown great taste in still keeping their new buildings in

harmony with the old. In spite of the fact that München has nearly doubled its size within the last forty years, the architecture gives no hint of this. The *Marienplatz* is the purest medieval style and yet the wonderful *Rathaus,* that is the center of life there, has received two modern additions; one feels an underlying plan, a harmonious ideal ever kept in view, for public and private buildings, for parks, monuments and pleasure grounds. One does not wonder that München is a resort for artists; within modern times, it has become the center for the arts and crafts movement which, though it originated in the love of beauty, has given substantial returns."

In the summer of 1911, Mrs. Pennybacker and Ruth again crossed to Europe; leaving Ruth in a private family near Paris, for language study, she herself spent a month in the French capital. The month in Paris brought her a liberty that she has seldom found possible in her busy life. A brief excerpt from a letter written on this trip

gives a hint of her pleasure in this rare experience:

"When my cold allowed, I wandered about Paris entirely alone and did some of the things I have long wanted to do. Nearly every day I went to the Louvre, always paying homage first to the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory and the wonderful Salon Carré, where Mona Lisa dwells. In spite of daily contact, I never felt like taking liberties with either of these; they have that fine dignity that attracts and yet says, 'Only so far;' I saw the Salon of 1911 but was not much impressed. Notre Dame filled two mornings; the view from above made me long to read Victor Hugo over again. The Palais de Justice, Hotel de Ville and the Conciergerie were full of historic memories that I have always longed for time to brood over. Outdoors Paris was at its best the last week I was there; with an acquaintance I walked through parts of some of the most beautiful gardens—that is the best way for me to learn a foreign city. We lingered for two

hours over the old book stalls on the Seine, and went twice to Père la Chaise."

The outbreak of the European War, August, 1914, found Mrs. Pennybacker in the British Isles. The serious content of her thought at this time, particularly rich in sympathy, is felt in a letter dated August 24, 1914:

"My heart was made heavy, on the way back from Ireland, last Saturday, by the consciousness that war was abroad in Europe. At every station, soldiers with drawn bayonets were to be seen; as Ruth and I boarded the vessel to cross the Channel, a guard asked, 'Are you British subjects?' When I replied, 'No, we are Americans,' we were allowed to pass, but later our names and addresses were taken, thus showing how watchful is the eye of the law upon all foreigners in this time of strife. Everywhere the parks are filled with recruits drilling, and on every hand there are stories of suffering and trouble that has overtaken travelers. In a great compound which we passed

on the train the German Reservists, who happened to be in this country at the outbreak of the War, were imprisoned.

"It seems no nation has entered upon war in a more sorrowful spirit than has England; not one person has expressed to me joy at the strife. Safe in our own land, dear friends, we cannot appreciate the horror that is devastating Europe to-day. At the breakfast table this morning, when my hostess read the headlines and we learned of the awful battle that had been raging for five days over a frontage of thirty miles, when we saw the list of the killed and wounded, my heart turned cold within me. I thought of the intercession services that have been held in churches of all denominations over Great Britain, of the solemn hush that had come when prayers were offered for the sailors and soldiers, of the throb of sympathy that moved all the audience when the names of the young men who had volunteered from that parish were read aloud and special prayers were asked for their

safety. It is awful to think that on this day, when the peaceful beauty of rural England is past all description, the flower of her young manhood should, on foreign fields, be offered up as a bloody sacrifice. Let us daily pray that this blot upon the civilization of our age may be speedly eradicated. Letters have come asking if there be not something that we women of the United States can do to help end the war. At this time there seems absolutely nothing except that each of us use her personal influence for Peace, that as an organization we protest against war, and that we pray without ceasing for the war to end.

"Through the generous kindness of Mr. and Mrs. L——, Ruth and I have felt none of the hardships of the war; their pretty home and beautiful gardens have been an island of safety and cheer. Mr. L—— is a fine example of the Englishman of affairs who always has time to do a kindness to those who need aid or comfort."

Upon arriving in America, Mrs.

Pennybacker was unable to cast off her personal grief over the horrors of the war; she wrote the following letter soon after her return from England:

"Saturday night, I went to Toronto, arriving there about nine the next morning. Most of the day was given up to a conference and luncheon with Lord and Lady Aberdeen. That night, however, I had an experience that would interest you. I went with one of the Canadian ladies to a Recruiting Rally. A great theater was packed from pit to dome, not a single vacant seat. A picked Scotch band gave stirring war music, intermingled with old ballads that had as their themes homes in the various parts of the British Empire.

"First came a resolution concerning the execution of the English nurse, Miss Cavell, by the Germans. I was glad that no one spoke bitterly. Indeed the one person who made the most profound impression on the audience was a sweet-faced woman who pleaded with the audience to remember that

Miss Cavell's message really was love and not hate, that love was the supreme force in the world and would bring to pass movements that could never be accomplished in any other way. When she mentioned that Miss Cavell wore the little Union Jack just over her heart, a sob went through the audience.

"A certain man sang an interrogative war song, and the answer to each question was 'John Bull,' and this was given by the audience with a will. I never heard more animation. All the speakers were full of tension, but, at the same time, full of reserve. I watched a row of seven young men; while only one of them applauded, I felt perfectly sure from their whole attitude that they were struggling with themselves to decide.

"I came away with a heavy heart because it took but a little strength of imagination to see hundreds of these brave young fellows, now so strong, so full of life and promise, lying dead on the battle field."

As President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Pennybacker during the past two years, her second term of office, has again visited many states, and in the summer of 1915 she enjoyed a trip to Alaska. A member of the party gives the following sketch:

"Her ability to make long trips and, at times, trying journeys, without great fatigue, is due to her adaptability. She adapts herself to a situation with a skill akin to genius.

"When she travels, nothing seems to escape her quick, keen eye. . . . When she picks up a newspaper or a book, she extracts all the real news from it in a few moments, but it is not merely the large events and happenings that secure her attention or fix her mind. On the contrary, she draws from some stray item or from a notice of some minor current matter, evidence of principles, or tendencies, which would have escaped other eyes.

"When she suddenly looks up from that book or paper and asks a question—which may, or may not have anything to do with what she has just been reading—woe be unto the man or woman who is not ready with a definite reply. If, on the other hand, you should answer her question by asking one—whether the topic is

some member of her own family, the thoughts of which seem constantly to travel with her, or the 'education of girls,' or 'rural conditions in America,' or 'progress in civic betterment,' or 'the club women of Alaska,' or 'the Pan-American conference,' she will give you an instant vivid, clear, concise, logical answer. Sometimes she relates an anecdote to illustrate points, but no matter what the subject under discussion is, she will astonish you with the depth and wideness of her knowledge, the mastery of details, and her large and luminous views. But she seldom talks to people to tell them what she thinks, but rather to find out what they think. She is a splendid listener. Furthermore, she believes with Emerson, 'Real power is in silent moments.' So a great deal of her time on her official trips is spent in quietly and silently working out many of the ideas and plans for the good of the Federation.

"Since her last report at the Chicago Biennial, she has again visited practically every state in the Union. In addition, she has made one trip from Chicago to San Diego, California, from San Diego to Valdez, Alaska, and return, covering almost ten thousand miles in one journey, with the result that Alaska will, in all probability, join the Federation this year. If she carries out her present plans—which include a trip to Havana, the Isle of Pines, Porto Rico, Panama and South America, she will be the most widely-

traveled President the General Federation of Women's Clubs has ever had."

In this age, travel in foreign countries has lost that tinge of the unusual so alluring to humanity, and faded into the background of the commonplace. So the travels of Mrs. Pennybacker, wide and constant as they have been, would hardly attract attention in themselves, but they are important because of their conspicuous influence on her life. The small boy's question, as he was being pulled from one country to another, "Why do people travel?"—is alas! too often unanswerable. There is a class of tourists whose supreme motive is to gain only a speaking acquaintanceship with the great centers of the world's civilization. They spend eighteen minutes in the Louvre and discuss glibly their impressions of the Venus de Milo. There is another class whose supreme motive is to acquire the attitude of nonchalance in the realm of hotel and cabaret life. They ridicule spending time in stupid cathedrals and speak authoritatively on the question of

European society. A third class desire only to study in a foreign institution. They care for nothing save the curriculum of the great university, and to discuss with seeming erudition European politics, science and religion.

Still another, but a smaller class, has as its supreme motive to become so completely identified with the life of the people that for the time, at least, they lose consciousness of their native citizenship. They emerge from this experience world citizens, realizing that each nation has not only much to learn from us, but much to teach us in return. It is true that they are by no means as egotistical Americans as formerly, but they are certainly better patriots, filled with the new spirit of patriotism—an internationalism—a spirit that knows no limitations of race or country, but a spirit liberated to meet the world need in terms of the Brotherhood of Man.

VIII

THE CLUB WOMAN

It gives me very great pleasure to add my congratulations to those of many others on your most successful administration of a most difficult office, and to wish you every possible good in the future.

—Jane Addams
(Head of Hull House, Chicago).

VIII

THE CLUB WOMAN

"It is not the places that grace men,
But men the places."

—PLUTARCH.

THE significance of the Woman's Club comes to us with new emphasis when we learn the extent to which it has already affected the problems of our national life. In the *Ladies' Home Journal* for May, 1914, Mrs. Pennybacker wrote:

"Within ten years the Federation has become a vital force in our country. When the Pure Food bill seemed lost in Congress, the General Federation was appealed to, and, by concentrated efforts, by wire, letter, and spoken words, helped to secure its passage. When President Roosevelt desired a solution of the social problem in the

Panama Canal Zone, he summoned our Miss Helen Boswell. She went, she saw, she conquered. When the first convention of Governors was called in the White House, Mrs. Decker, then President, was the only woman invited. During one of the official visits of President Taft in the Canal Zone, the Government invited Mrs. Moore, our past President, to be its guest. She was received everywhere with the same honor that was accorded the President and his wife. When we did our part to secure the establishment of the Children's Bureau at Washington, our executive committee was consulted in regard to the woman who should be chosen to head the Bureau. When great educational or philanthropical associations meet in this country, or over the sea, we are asked to send speakers and workers. When reform in any line is started we are asked to help. All this proves that with our million members, we are now a world power, with the burden and responsibilities this honor entails."

Mrs. Pennybacker has lived under the two régimes of the Woman's Club—the one, of ostracism and suspicion; the other, of power and recognition. At the time she joined her first club in Carthage, Missouri—the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—and two years later, when she organized her first club in Tyler, Texas, the rightful sphere of the club woman was still challenged. There were only seven women in the entire village of Tyler who were courageous enough to face this criticism. That the club lives to-day as one of the most useful in the state vindicates their cause.

In Palestine, Mrs. Pennybacker found a little club sorely in need of reorganization, a task she undertook with interest; and she joined with them in the study of Draper's *Intellectual Development of Modern Europe!* In both Tyler and Palestine, she organized a City Federation. And it was from Palestine that she went to her first State Convention of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs in San Antonio, where

the Bishop prayed: "Lord, though we are in doubt about this movement, Thou canst bring good out of it!"

In the move from Palestine to Austin, September, 1900, little time was lost in club activity; for she immediately identified herself with the American History Club of Austin. In May of the following year, she was elected, at her second convention in Dallas, President of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs.

Concentration of mind and forces has ever been a peculiar gift of Mrs. Pennybacker. Her husband used teasingly to say, that if she were called on to teach only a class in spelling, she would soon convince each pupil that spelling is the cause one must live and die for, and inspire him to joyous devotion and untiring industry in behalf of spelling! The really great achievements of the Women's Clubs in Texas under her administration amply testify to her energy. The conviction that the greatest need of the club movement is a personal message to the rank and file of

the membership, led her to visit, generally at her own expense, ninety per cent of the clubs of the state. To one who has traveled much over the state of Texas there can be no doubt that destinies are still being determined by the influence of those visits. She managed alone, also, the wide correspondence that her administration inaugurated; and though she paid out much for stenographic work, she wrote so constantly by hand that she became afflicted with the writer's cramp.

Texas, a great rural state of vast distances, though rich in material promise, is forced often to give only a stone when the soul pleads for bread. How many mothers have been rallied again to their ideals for the training of their children—ideals growing dim through starvation; how many fathers have been made to realize the dignity and opportunities of womanhood when untrammeled by the chains of slaving drudgery; how many youths have been called irresistibly to the cause of education—are questions that, though

numerically indeterminate, reveal the deep significance of her inspiring service.

Zealous always for the cause of education, Mrs. Pennybacker was eager, as she has since been for the General Federation, to ally the Woman's Club with the best educational interests of the state—realizing the desirability of co-operating with the existing forces. She rarely visited a community without allowing time for an address to the high school students. And it was not long before her state board had succeeded in raising $3,500 for a scholarship for young women in the University of Texas. During her administration, the Regents of the University of Texas were pleading for a dormitory for the women students; three times they had asked the legislature for the appropriation, and three times they had failed. The club women took up the fight, "interviewing" every single representative, and carried the appropriation for the comfortable woman's building that now graces the campus.

Mrs. Pennybacker, however, did not expend all her energy on institutions; she looked beyond the exterior walls to the individual occupant within, and on the university campus she soon became known as the student's friend. Perhaps no incident better illustrates the extent to which she deserves this tender place of esteem than the writer's own personal experience:

My mother, a Southern woman of the old school, was a member of a small club in a village community of less than fifteen hundred inhabitants, at the time Mrs. Pennybacker was President of the Federation. This club, as did many others over the state and nation, looked askance at all interests of the Federation relating to the activities of the modern woman, and remained loyal and true to its cultural ideal—a study of the plays of Shakespeare—through nine long years. In due time a visit from the President of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs was announced. It fell to my mother's lot to entertain her in the

home. You know the end of the story without telling—how Mrs. Pennybacker entered such an atmosphere, winning my mother, who from girlhood evidenced no mean literary ability, by her cultured conversation—winning my reserved and conservative father by her ability to discuss with him the business affairs so near his heart, and the questions of the day, in that innate femininity of approach that ever characterizes true womanhood; winning us children in a thousand inexplicable ways; and winning, by turn, the club and school.

Nothing can efface the impression that she made upon me, the very youngest of the children. A passionate lover of the out-of-doors, I had not responded, as my mother longed to have me do, to the claims of literature. Books were so very unreal, picturing remote scenes and interests through such a cold medium. But Mrs. Pennybacker represented for me the incarnation of Literature. Here, before my very eyes, was the author of the *Texas History,* a

book in our own school curriculum. Could it be true that all books revert back to a personality! Books suddenly breathed the breath of life, and from that day claimed no small share of my time and enthusiasm.

Upon reaching the University of Texas, one of my pleasantest discoveries was the active relationship between the student body and Mrs. Pennybacker. One who has sat under her parliamentary drills, in the old "Ashbel Literary Society" room there, could never be guilty of the "I move you" habit! The claim is not an exaggeration that the University of Texas has graduated no more efficient body of women students, in the realm of parliamentary procedure and business dispatch in the conducting of outside affairs, than those students who had frequent contact with Mrs. Pennybacker, before the nation claimed her. Her help in enterprises relating to art and literature, her many happy dinner parties for the students, her frequent "at homes"—remain a vivid memory to

many of the ex-students of the University of Texas. Only recently I sat with her through a performance of one of the Texas University Dramatic Clubs. She could not be content until she had located each member of the cast to her own satisfaction, securing the desired information from any one seated near, with such genuine individual interest in each that the play took on new meaning.

The many achievements of Mrs. Pennybacker during her administration will serve as a challenge to the succeeding leaders of Texas Women's Clubs. Yet, in addition to her club work, she made a real home for her three small children; for though her mother visited her for long periods during these years, she never burdened her with the details of the home, recognizing that her mother's time of household responsibility should be over. She personally superintended the building of a new home; traveled with her children in the summer; managed her own private business affairs; and

entertained frequently and delightfully.

It was at this time, moreover, that she went to her first Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in Los Angeles, California. The impression she made there, with the Texas delegation seated promptly for each session, voting together on all questions, remained in the minds of the delegates, and resulted in her election as treasurer at the Biennial in Saint Louis, two years later. Though the office was distasteful to her—she has always vigorously disliked handling the money of others,—she faithfully performed its duties. Later she was made auditor. She insisted upon going off the board at the Boston Biennial, asserting that there were many women just as capable as she for the place, and that she could not be content selfishly to accept everything. One marked characteristic of Mrs. Pennybacker is her never-failing generosity to her comrades, for she is always willing to divide opportunities, always intent upon sharing honors, al-

ways happy to pay tribute to efficient service.

During the interval of her two European trips she was not forgotten, however, for the General Federation waited for her return, believing that she possessed the gifts necessary for the chairmanship of the Committee on the proposed Endowment Fund, a fund to provide the means for a broader development of the interests of the Federation. At the end of the summer of 1911, Mrs. Pennybacker began work in earnest on this great enterprise; and though she was elected President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the San Francisco Biennial in 1912, she continued to help in the Endowment work until announcement of the completion of a fund of $100,000.00 was made, in 1914.

In accepting the leadership of this national and world movement of women, Mrs. Pennybacker was not unconscious of the patriotic challenge confronting the modern woman. The new interpretation of patriotism—the sense of inter-

nationalism—evolving in her mind during her years of foreign travel, furnishes the key to her teaching. For the slogan of this new internationalism —the universal brotherhood of man— at once fixes the central point of emphasis in service. And as the scales fall from her eyes, woman recognizes her task as simply making herself available as a sister in meeting the world-need of mankind. Before undertaking any definite program of work, therefore, Mrs. Pennybacker looked out carefully, earnestly, and sympathetically, over the passing pageant of mankind. By far the most picturesque group commanding her attention was the newly arrived, eager immigrant, representing over one million souls annually. She was certain "that these people look to us for something more than the mere privilege of existing in our midst. They have come to a land which is not the land of the free as much as it formerly was. They are dictated to by the political boss, the capitalist boss, or the labor boss."

The pale-faced, stoop-shouldered, trudging mass immediately following the foreigner, she recognized at once as the great industrial group—two and a half millions of whom are women, and —would you believe it?—there are little children among them! She was certain that this mighty throng looks to us for sanitary living and working conditions; for an eight-hour working day; for protection of the children; for a living wage in this day of maximum prices.

The next group she recognized as the great rural peoples of our country! She was certain that out from their isolation, monotonous routine and drudgery, these people look to us for an equal chance with their city neighbor for a strong body, an attractive home, and for adequate schools and churches. The happy, rollicking, care-free children close the pageant. She was certain that the children look to us for guidance in the maze of their awakening experience. Thirty-five millions under eighteen

years of age—what an opportunity! Thirty-five millions! "We are not satisfied merely to maintain the civilization of the past," she thought, "we must get forward. Let us, therefore, translate into actuality the inalienable right of the child to be well born, well cared for, and well educated!" Did the needs of mankind ever before present such compelling urgency?

Mrs. Pennybacker was immediately burdened with the question, "Are we women ready for work?" and she endeavored to find the answer in the study of the history of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the instrument of service. She carefully weighed not only the accomplishment but also the lack of accomplishment of the General Federation, never satisfied until she had come face to face with the exact truth regarding conditions. With this knowledge of the need and of the available equipment, she was in a position to inaugurate constructive work. She urged an economic adjustment of resources, striving to eliminate the exist-

ence of the by-product. The exigency of the need demanded concentration of resource.

Her very first plan, accordingly, entailed a program of what she called "Individual education"—an effort to make the General Federation a more vivid reality to the whole membership. There is never a plan without a method, with her; and she recognized the advantage of the personal message, and set out on her mission of education. Next to the personal message, she believes in the written word; and her monthly letters in *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Federation Magazine,* besides those of a more personal nature, have been an inspiration to many women of this country. In the problem of individual education, it is evident that a roster of the work of the eleven departments must be compiled under one cover, a task which has now been completed. It was apparent, also, that the press committee must be more effective. So it was greatly enlarged, and now when the chairman sends out a bulletin, it is pub-

lished in about two hundred daily newspapers over the country.

The success of this plan of individual education, enlisting also individual responsibility and co-operation, is vividly pictured by a friend from Vermont who pleases to call Mrs. Pennybacker "The Alchemist":

"The same problem which faces each state President, faces also the woman who accepts the leadership of the great General Federation. The state President must constantly seek to adjust the viewpoint of town and country, to subordinate partisan efforts to state progress. The General President must ever strive to bring into closer relationship the forty-eight intensely individual states of our beloved country, to obliterate sectional desires and ambitions, to weld the multitudinous individual efforts into a truly patriotic whole, into a patriotic power.

"At the Biennial in California, the General Federation chose as its leader a true daughter of the South. The new leader was little known —except as a name connected with the raising of the Endowment Fund. The defeated candidate, a charming, lovable woman from a great Northern state, had many and loyal friends.

"At the council meeting in Washington, a meeting which numerically exceeded all expecta-

tions, Mrs. Pennybacker, the new President, faced over two thousand women, representing every state in the Union, and also personifying all sentiments in the wide range of feeling between adoring admiration and cold criticism. That first council meeting may well be said to have tested with fire the metal of the new President. Slowly, reluctantly, at times, the coldly critical began to feel that inexplicable magnetism which touches all who come into personal contact with Mrs. Pennybacker. The Vermont State President returned from the council meeting with mind filled with admiration for the executive ability and business-like power of the new presiding officer, and with the first faint glimmerings of the personal allegiance which grew, with ever-increasing power, during the following months.

"But she waited with nervous apprehension the arrival of the General President at the Vermont Federation Annual Meeting. Would Mrs. Pennybacker be able to reach the real heart of the Vermont women and, more difficult still, would she be able to understand Vermont, to feel instinctively the genuineness, the strength, of an audience which is always self-restrained?

"Tidings of a great personal sorrow met Mrs. Pennybacker before she reached the meeting. As she entered the auditorium, her pale, sorrow-stricken features carried their own excuse for a cancellation of her part of the program. But

with a wonderful forgetfulness of self, with only the request that the topic might be changed from the subject of 'Home,' Mrs. Pennybacker spoke directly to the hearts of the waiting club women, and with her message stepped directly into those hearts. It may have been that her sorrow brought the interchange of a really genuine, a truly personal feeling of fellowship. However that may be, to-day in Vermont, it is Mrs. Pennybacker, the woman, mother, daughter, friend, who always may feel that many Vermont hearts have given into her keeping the 'open sesame.' In the Green Mountain State, the President of the General Federation was great enough to make us forget the office in the woman, and to bring to our souls a renewed vision of the glorifying power of service.

"To one Vermont state President, Mrs. Pennybacker stands as a leader who, in the midst of her great office, could pause for a personal touch in a letter, could see the point of view of the individual state, could adapt that viewpoint to the whole, could call for the best and receive the best which a state is able to give. She belongs not to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West—she belongs to the world. In the words of the Concord Sage, Mrs. Pennybacker has 'a power in love to divine another's destiny better than the other can, and, by heroic encouragements, hold him to his task.'"

After a marshaling of her forces, Mrs. Pennybacker was ready for definite accomplishments. There are three causes, among many, that have received constant emphasis: "Patriotism That Makes for Peace" is a program that includes her July 4th pageant; "The School Manse" voices her effort to increase the efficiency of the country teacher by practical regard for the comfort of her home life—an effort which has won the appreciation of many of the women teachers of our rural communities. "The Service of Youth" she took as the theme for the "President's Night" at the Chicago Biennial. A friend from the state of Washington writes of this:

"The word is 'service': the message is this—'Open the doors of your understanding to the spirit of youth, let its radiance, its courage, its idealism, garland your enterprises,' permeating and revivifying the whole: in the home, in the school, in the church, in the state, in the nation, let young and old serve together.'

"Through her four years of service Mrs. Pennybacker has brought the message to the women

Ruth Pennybacker, A Sophomore in Vassar.

of America in many ways, but never more unforgettably than in the symbolism of the closing scene of the Chicago Biennial. With the best and brightest of American young womanhood typified by the group of charming young women who surrounded her on the platform, she, for the motherhood of the land, entrusted to her fair daughter, Ruth, the precious casket bearing the talisman 'service.' This is life's great lesson. 'Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest.'"

The growth of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, during Mrs. Pennybacker's administration, serves as the measure of her success. In her address at the Chicago Biennial she tabulated the numerical growth of the first two years:

"When you reflect that during this administration we have admitted six hundred and seventy clubs into direct membership; that we have increased the individual membership of the whole Federation by many thousands, that South Carolina and Delaware, which have never before had clubs in direct membership, have now broken their records, thus leaving no state unrepre-

sented by individual clubs, you will realize that we have every cause for encouragement. When you reflect that the attendance at the Council Meeting in Washington was two thousand and twenty-four, whereas the greatest Council meeting ever before held numbered two hundred and fifty; when you look about you at this Biennial, you will realize that we have no cause to fear concerning numbers."

Then she directed attention to the fact that true accomplishment goes farther than numbers; and placed emphasis, where emphasis belongs, on the inspirational message of the General Federation. Indications suggest that this period of growth has been eclipsed by the one which closes with the New York Biennial in May, 1916.

Mrs. Pennybacker, along with many other earnest workers, has paid in strength, time, thought, money, and personal luxury for this growth. The wear of constant travel, with the corresponding duties and pleasures it entails—accepting invitations for luncheons,

garden parties, dinners, drives, week-ends, that crowd her days everywhere she goes; writing addresses and inspirational letters for the club magazine and *The Ladies' Home Journal*—often under great pressure of time and away from her papers and reference material; keeping up, in transit, with the heavy correspondence; finding time for the thought demanded for creative work; speaking almost daily, called upon often to harmonize the extreme of viewpoints (for instance, one day a letter came asking her to endorse the "preparedness" program, the same afternoon came a request for endorsement of "peace at any cost," and the following morning a plea for "reasonable preparedness")—in view of these things do you wonder that she has often laughingly said that the Federation needs three Presidents: "One to stay at home, to answer the enormous mail, to think, to plan, to study; one to travel and accept the host of invitations to speak; and a third, a social and eating President!"

These are more or less technical questions that confront any public leader. But the heart of the secret of Mrs. Pennybacker's success we find in the heart of the woman—truly "from the heart are the issues of life." Her enthusiasm and vital interest ring with sincerity, suggesting no counterfeit. "What a tragedy"; "I regret this"; "I am growing rather troubled"; "May I give you a few dont's"; "There are some suggestions for betterment that I would like to make"; "I want to be a bit personal in making a plea"; such expressions as these are frequently noticed in her "family letters." Her crude honesty in the recognition of shortcomings, and her frank acknowledgment of shortcomings, so impersonally and earnestly given, at once create an atmosphere of respect.

Her industry—for no high place suggests empty honor to her—enables her to feel the pulse of the remote individual club, as well as that of the more prominent Board Members. A super-

intendent of education tells this story of Alice Freeman Palmer:

"Once after she had been speaking in my city, she asked me to stand beside her at a reception. As the Wellesley graduates came forward to greet her—there were about eighty of them—she said something to each which showed that she knew her. Some she called by their first names; others she asked about their work, their families, or whether they had succeeded in plans about which they had evidently consulted her. The looks of pleased surprise which flashed over the faces of those girls I cannot forget. They revealed to me something of Miss Freeman's rich and radiant life. For though she seemed unconscious of doing anything unusual, and for her I suppose it was usual, her own face reflected the happiness of the girls and showed a serene joy in creating that happiness."

This incident suggests similar experiences of Mrs. Pennybacker. But in addition to her memory for people, she keeps in just as intimate touch with the concrete activity as with the person responsible for that activity. Of this talent for details, one of the members of the Board of the General Federation writes:

"The members of the Board of Directors, who see her behind the scenes, can testify to her extraordinary industry, systematic attention to details, and never-failing courtesy. I have sometimes wondered how she could possibly keep in mind all the varied activities of the eleven great departments of work of the General Federation. Every item bearing on any phase of the work seems always ready to be brought forth from its pigeonhole at the proper time. Each member of the Board has certain specified duties to perform, and at times our work is decidedly onerous. It is amazing that Mrs. Pennybacker, with all her other cares, can also keep in mind what we are doing all the time, but her letters show that she keeps abreast of the special tasks of each of us, and her suggestions are timely and valuable. Woe to the Board member or Department head who fails to reply to letters promptly; for punctuality is one of our leader's strong points, and many women must have learned valuable lessons along this line from her."

Mrs. Booth tells of a gentleman who was a collector of precious gems, saying that he stood one day in his little strong room, showing emeralds, diamonds, and pearls. Laying his hand upon one drawer he said: "In this are my most beautiful and treasured gems. They

are opals of such value and such priceless worth that they are more to me than all the rest," and he pulled the drawer out. The friend looked at them in surprise, for they seemed so dull. He expressed his disappointment, and they turned to the others again; but as he turned, the owner took from the velvet that little pile of jewels, put them in his palm, and closed his hand upon them. In a few moments the jewel collector turned again and called his friend's attention to his open hand; it was full of sparkling, glittering gems that showed at a glance their priceless worth. His friend stood back in astonishment and said, "What has made the change?" He answered, "It is the warmth of the human hand, that is what they needed."

It is just this touch of human sympathy, the warmth of the human hand, that is the power of Mrs. Pennybacker's life.

IX

THE SPEAKER

To Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker I extend hearty congratulations. From the days when at Chautauqua she gave unmistakable indications of unusual abilities, I have followed with interest her development into national leadership among women. She combines marked executive capacity with well-poised judgment, unquenchable enthusiasm and singular persuasive power.

—George E. Vincent
(President University of Minnesota).

IX

THE SPEAKER

"He who has truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue."

—Ruskin.

UNLIKE Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, of whom it is said that she fainted while giving her first recitation at school—fainted from stage fright—Mrs. Pennybacker was born with a taste for public speaking. The development of this gift has undoubtedly done more toward placing her where she is to-day than any other one qualification. Her first speech was made in the Sunday-school at the age of four, where she was called upon to repeat the books of the Bible forward and then backward. Although, in her second number, the possession of the handsomest doll in town was doubtless

responsible in some degree for her pleasure, there can be no question that she thoroughly enjoyed the experience itself. While in the public schools, instead of feeling anxious lest the teacher might call on her, she rather feared that the teacher might not do it. She gloried in recitations, and grieved that the purse of a minister's family was too small to include elocution lessons for the children. But she learned from the other girls the elocution assignments; and, choosing some secluded spot, practiced and practiced them over and over again. The art of speaking continued to be of vital interest to her, developing, as already noted, into an unusual gift of story-telling during her teaching days. Many warm friends came to her through her readings on different occasions, and she performed many a miracle of discipline by the appropriate story at the appropriate time. The summer before her marriage she took a course at the Canada summer quarters of the Philadelphia School of Dramatic Expression.

This gift, moveover, was not of the intermittent variety—noticeable only under the proper conditions of surrounding and mood—for Mrs. Pennybacker became known, also, as a brilliant conversationalist. A friend says of this:

"I first met Anna Hardwicke in 1885. She was a slender, lithe, vivid, enthusiastic young woman. Early responsibilities, voluntarily assumed, had given her initiative and self-reliance unusual at that time in the young women of Tyler, Texas—an always conservative town. So her proposal to do so advanced and radical a thing as to organize a woman's club received encouraging response from only a small band of valiant souls. But sure of herself then, as she has ever been, she insisted upon writing into our constitution difficult qualifications and a narrow limit for membership. The wisdom of this was demonstrated early, while we slowly and surely gathered together fifteen earnest and interesting women, each an invaluable stimulus to the other. One of our early discussions on 'Table Talks,' as we called them, was the subject of 'Conversation.' I remember distinctly that our leader said: 'It is my dearest ambition to be a conversationalist who is able to put those at ease with whom I talk, and to draw out the

best that is in each.' Whether this is innate or acquired ability on her part, I do not know, but I do know that she possesses it in a high degree. I have never known a man, woman, or child, who has had the privilege of talking to her, who did not express pleasure in the enjoyment of her unusual gifts of language, description, and sympathetic touch, and who did not also feel a renewed confidence in his or her own ability, and a desire to try out new possibilities.

"She is the exceedingly rare combination: a writer, a speaker, and a conversationalist. A writer, with the habit of precision and careful avoidance of repetition, nearly always lacks the warmth that makes the moving speaker; and the speaker, with habits of analysis and the careful collection of material point by point to finally arrive at a definite conclusion, seldom shines as a conversationalist who must leap from subject to subject with a light touch that barely skims the surface. Yet Mrs. Pennybacker does these three things with a remarkable degree of excellence; and in each one finds some phase of character emphasized which goes to make up [her] personality."

Mrs. Pennybacker is known not only as a speaker and a conversationalist, but also as a graçeful and efficient presiding officer. Liking orderliness and dispatch in the management of gather-

ings, she made a systematic study of parliamentary procedure under the brother of Roberts, the parliamentarian, at Chautauqua. Some one has said that Mrs. Pennybacker has brought into the Federation elements that she emphasized as a teacher; for instance, the two unpardonable sins in her school-room were tardiness and disorder—she could never be happy unless the order in the room was above reproach, and yet that order came through the affectionate co-operation of the student body. She knew perfectly well there was no other way to win it—she did not want any other way. In the Federations she makes the delegates feel that she depends absolutely on them, and they rally to the call.

"Mrs. Pennybacker," says a member of the Federation Board, "is a genius as a presiding officer, combining alertness, tact, sympathy, and a keen sense of justice. At the Chicago Biennial, old newspaper reporters, accustomed to men's conventions, declared that they had never attended a meeting where

such perfect order prevailed, and where business was dispatched with such ease and precision.

"Her gifts as an orator are too well known to need reference, and yet no small part of her success as President of the General Federation is due to the fact that she has been able to go all over the United States appealing directly in behalf of the higher things of life. Gifted to a very unusual degree with that strange power commonly called personal magnetism, her contact with club women everywhere has meant the imparting of new ideals and a kindling of fresh hope and courage, so that untold good has been accomplished for the individual woman and for the organization of which Mrs. Pennybacker is the radiant evangel."

Tours in the interest of the Federation have taken its President into the remote sections of the country. In reporting to the Chicago Biennial she gave this schedule for the first twenty-one months of her term of service:

"Early in September I began a round of pastoral calls. During these twenty-one months I have traveled more than thirty thousand miles, visiting the State conventions of Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Texas, Alabama, Arizona, Minnesota, Louisiana, Arkansas, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Maryland, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Nebraska, Colorado, South Dakota, North Dakota, Michigan, Indiana, Georgia, Delaware, Florida, and New York.

"I have presided over the council meeting in Washington, board meetings in French Lick, Washington City, and Niagara Falls, and attended trustee meetings in Philadelphia. I have delivered addresses at Cincinnati, Highland Park, Illinois, Cook County League, Illinois, New Orleans, Fort Worth, Santa Fé, New Mexico, El Paso, and Dallas, Texas, Saint Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, and Washington; in Chester, Pennsylvania; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Montgomery, Alabama; Jacksonville, Florida; Paducah, and Maysville, Kentucky; Charleston, South Carolina; Charlotte, North Carolina; Sioux City, Iowa; Worcester, Massachusetts; Knoxville, Tennessee; Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska; Deadwood, South Dakota; and Nashville, Tennessee.

"I have addressed the Peace Congress at Saint Louis; Teachers' convention in Fort Worth,

Texas; Corn Exposition in Dallas; Child Labor Conference in New Orleans; two great assemblies at Chautauqua, New York, and Hastings, Nebraska; Conservation Congresses in Washington and Knoxville; and the School Hygiene Congress in Buffalo. I have been compelled to decline to address one hundred various state, national and foreign organizations."

Some of Mrs. Pennybacker's invitations to address other organizations have been amusing; for instance, she was urged to address a national meeting on "The Best Method of City Snow Removal." In regard to this invitation, she said: "As the greater part of my life has been spent in Texas, you will readily understand that what I do *not* know about snow removal would fill a large volume."

Speaking on a variety of subjects, and often several times in each community, before both men's and women's audiences, she has delivered some memorable addresses. Perhaps those most widely known to the general public are:

"The Service of Youth"; "Dangers that Threaten the American Home";

"The General Federation as a Sociological Force"; "Club Ethics"; "The School Manse"; "The Ideal Fourth of July"; "The Pageantry of Peace."

On one occasion, when she participated in a program in company with other speakers, Mrs. Pennybacker made the following impression on the mind of at least one member of her audience:

"The most intensely interesting addresses were given by Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, of Texas, President of the General Federation, and by . . . . Mrs. Pennybacker is sometimes described as being 'small but mighty,' and one needs to see and hear her but once to be irresistibly drawn to the magnetic little woman, attractively gowned, simple and unpretentious in manner, unspoiled by her exalted position, inspired by her great love of humanity, as she pleads for efficiency, loyalty and co-operation in the work of women throughout our land."

Certain it is that few artisans have at their command such an assortment of tools as has Mrs. Pennybacker when she works from the platform. The finished work reflects precision and care in regard to detail—care not only that the

detail may not detract from the cause, but also that it may positively contribute toward its accomplishment. Her enunciation is clear, her voice pure, strong, flexible, possessing a mellowness and an indefinable inflection of understanding that charms her listeners. With the writer's fluency and grace in word pictures, with the scholar's store of accurate knowledge of subject-matter, with the humanitarian touch of experience and sympathy in personal appeal, she is nobly equipped, and, thus freed from limitations, she is conscious of nothing save a sense of liberty that comes only in the very presence of Truth—liberty enabling her to lift her audience from the lower levels of routine living and to bring them with her into the rarer atmosphere of the mountain heights. Many symbols have been employed in the effort to characterize the messages of the great men of history—those of the trumpet, the lighted lamp, the orchestra of many instruments, are familiar. Can there be a more appropriate symbol to character-

ize the earnest zeal, the deep sense of a sacred mission, the devotion of the service of Mrs. Pennybacker, than that of the "Flaming Heart"?

X

THE WOMAN

To me the noteworthy thing about Mrs. Pennybacker is the clearness of her understanding of women's position in the world of to-day and the force and beauty of her exposition of it. Even an old fogy could not withhold his admiration.

—Wm. J. Battle
(President University of Texas).

X

THE WOMAN

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

—WORDSWORTH.

MARK TWAIN, after looking long and intently out over the water on the occasion of his first sight of the ocean, said simply, "Well, she's a success." One is conscious of the same emotion after contact with this representative woman of America. Student, educator, wife, mother, author, traveler, club woman, speaker—aptly may she be introduced, as once happened, as the "Little Ford," who has been not only "able to climb Alaskan hills and penetrate the wilds of the entire country," but also able to

climb the hills and penetrate the wilds of human experience. It has been said that Mrs. Pennybacker, who is about five feet in height, is "as small of figure as the state of Texas is large." But her poise and bearing are such that the same writer concludes, "She appears to have the genius of that vast state concentrated in her own small person."

Her usefulness to the women of this generation has undoubtedly been forwarded by her practical regard in matters of personal living. Simplicity and efficiency characterize all her habits. Recognizing the sacredness of the body as the instrument of service, she rigidly observes the laws of health. She seldom goes to a large reception in the afternoon if scheduled for an address in the evening. "An indefatigable worker, she also knows how to throw off all care, and give herself up completely to rest," says a friend. "When she boards a train to go from one appointment to another, she often says to her companion: 'Now, I am going to close my eyes and relax for a half hour,' after

which she engages in conversation as eagerly as if she had had a whole night's sleep." When very tired there are three things that she always finds restful: a good walk, or a drive along country roads; a good novel, or a good play; and a small dinner party of both men and women.

The practice of saving time is one of her efficiency principles, a principle demanding system. Consequently, while in transit she does much of her thinking. And to avoid waste of energy, she keeps a note-book and jots down ideas as they come. Upon arriving at her destination, she secures a stenographer and rapidly turns off work, keeping up with her correspondence day by day. But in spite of it all, she longs for the luxury of just sitting around, with the opportunity to "invite her soul."

But her friends, who know the qualities of her soul, realize that it awaits no invitation, but, though invisible, becomes a real and vital factor in every concern of her life—trivial or great, it matters not. Never merely existing,

never merely passive, she lives actively in a realm of genuine reality, of being, not seeming. Throughout her life there has been no time or place for the ready-made accomplishments that embellish the exterior solely. This spirit is, no doubt, the secret of her unspoiled nature; for, overwhelmed with honors, both personal and official, in this country, France, England, and Germany, she remains justly democratic still, never failing to share honors and privileges, gladly paying tribute whenever possible, always generously bringing out the backward and timid woman, whom she adopts as her special care. She is both the thinker and the doer. Though agreeing with Sophocles "that thoughts are mightier than strength of hand," she believes also that thought not translated into action becomes wasted energy. She has, therefore, both the vision and the method, upon which she equally expends the wealth of her talent, industry, and enthusiasm—withal evidencing a devotion and loyalty, commanding at once our interest and admiration.

Another observation regarding her is the fact that she is a growing character. In the little girl and in the student we discover the qualities of mind and soul that in maturity have brought her to the position she occupies to-day. One is impressed by the fact that this growth has been continuous. There are no barren, waste places in her life's development, no periods of retrogression occasioned by a choice of the wrong trail.

The degree to which she has identified herself with humanity in its ever-varying vicissitudes is illustrated in part by her wide and rich friendships. There is no question in her mind that whatever success may be attributed to her career it is due largely to the friendship of good men and the love of good women. Of the breadth and the height, the length and the depth of these friendships, in their mutual relations, let her friends speak. One writes:

"It is the people we live with in the closer intimacy of human touch, the people we yield to or resist, that help or retard our growth. A man is known by his friends as a tree by its

fruit. Weir Mitchell, in his novel *The Red City,* makes Herr Schmidt reply, when a woman says to him, 'You have been such a friend to me,' 'Yes I think I have a gift that way.' Mrs. Pennybacker also has a 'gift that way.'

"I should like to write a new definition of the word 'friend'—'a helpful person'—it would describe Mrs. Pennybacker.

"Among those of whose influence I am conscious, Mrs. Pennybacker stands in the foreground. She has been to me the warm sunshine, the gentle rain, and the stimulating wind that have kept me from discouragement. I have seen her faithful under trying circumstances, for her friendship, once given, would never be lightly withdrawn. It is a theory of hers that if one looks only for the good in human character, and feeds it with kindness and affection, the evil gradually disappears. She has gone about the world on such a voyage of discovery and added to its store of uncounted wealth."

Another gives this picture:

"A keen sense of humor is one of Mrs. Pennybacker's fortunate characteristics, and I am glad to bear witness to her genuine enjoyment of social intercourse; her delight in young people; and her kindly attention to those timid souls who drop into the background at receptions and teas."

Another sends the following:

"The greatest of all forms of genius is the genius for human sympathy; the power to see through the eyes into the individual soul with its special characteristics and cravings, and at once set up personal relations. Such a faculty is truly characteristic of Mrs. Pennybacker. In the little journeys that I have made with her, I have watched it play like a soft light about her, and flash back from face after face, awakening in a moment a real affection. Again and again she shows how she remembers, not only the outer person, but measures and treasures the inner personality, 'not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points, but loving—kindly,' as Lowell said of another tender-minded woman.

"Peculiarly fortunate is it that the President of the Federation, traveling from South to North, and from West to East, should carry with her this power of fusing lives and interests, great and small, prosperous and tragic, achieving or only aspiring, into our democratic whole. No wonder that a man in a North Dakota audience called in farewell, 'Good-bye, dear Little Dixie!' It was a symbol of the understanding heart that is the crown of leadership."

After her trip to Alaska, which gave her a vision of the whole of the American Continent, she brooded much over

the opportunities of such united resources, while en route to San Francisco. She was deeply impressed, in reaching that city, by the fact that her first caller was Madame de Broggi of Buenos Ayres, with an invitation for her to visit South America, and a challenge to the club women of North America, in the exclamation: "How long will our sisters of the North be blind to our cry and deaf to our needs?"

This rare "genius for human sympathy" was beautifully expressed by Mrs. Pearl Randall Wasson, of Vermont, in a tribute to Mrs. Pennybacker, published in the *General Federation Magazine:*

"I cannot tell you just the reason why
That all who hear you silent tribute pay.
It is not beauty rare, nor power to sway
With subtle charm alone, nor manner high
Like a slow radiance from beneath a cloud
Which, growing ever greater, floods the ground—
So creeps abroad your influence profound
As sunshine, light and beauty, wondrous proud,
A power for good, a sympathy which heals

The Pennybacker Home on Whitis Avenue, Austin, Texas.

The hearts too roughly touched by thoughtless truth,
The spirits roughened by the grief of youth,
A touch which brightens, and a love which seals
With bonds of growing friendship, deep and true,
One million women-hearts in loyalty to you."

She herself says: "Nothing better expresses my hope and prayer for the great-hearted women of America than the following 'Collect,' written by Miss Stewart of Montana:

"'Keep us, O God, from pettiness,
Let us be large in thought, in word and deed.
Let us be done with fault-finding,
And leave off self-seeking.
May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face,
Without self-pity and without prejudice.
May we be never hasty in judgment and always generous.
Let us take time for all things.
Make us grow calm, serene, gentle.
Teach us to put into action our better impulses,
Straightforward and unafraid.
Grant that we may realize that it is the little things
That create differences: that in the big things of life

We are one, and may we strive to touch and to know
The great, common Woman's heart of us all,
And, O Lord God, let us forget not to be kind.'"

John Ruskin declares: "He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideals." If this be the test, the life work of Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker will fulfill her little girl aspiration to leave a permanent contribution to the race. One who is doubtful of the substantial character of the recent progress of womanhood need only consider the status of woman in the nineteenth century, of which Florence Nightingale wrote:

"There is an old legend that the nineteenth century is to be a century of women—but up to this time, 1851, it has not been theirs. Women have made extra intellectual developments; but as human beings cannot move two feet at once except they jump, so while the intellectual foot of woman has taken a step in advance, the practical foot has remained behind. Woman stands askew. Her education for action has not kept pace with her education for acquirement.

The woman of the eighteenth century was perhaps happier when practice and theory were more on a par than her more cultivated sister of the nineteenth century. The latter wishes but does not know how to do many things. The former what she wished, at least that she could do."

What the nineteenth century has failed in accomplishing for woman, the twentieth century is rapidly attaining. And may it not be claimed for Mrs. Pennybacker, guided, as she has been in steering that great body of women, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, by the true educational ideal; dominated by a keen sense of the inestimable value of the individual; driven by a new patriotism, an internationalism—may it not be claimed that she has hastened the day we are now witnessing when the practical foot of woman is moving into place beside the advanced intellectual foot of the nineteenth century? To be sure, the tread is not noiseless, for we hear of much criticism, of much restlessness and discontent among women—particularly among college women.

There are times, indeed, when the unique character of woman as a home-maker appears defaced; when the position of woman as a champion of the "true, the beautiful and the good," appears unsteady. But in Mrs. Pennybacker we see foreshadowed the complete woman of the twentieth century, standing solidly on both feet, with poise indicative of a clear mind, a strong body, a sympathetic heart, and a willing hand.

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